

# NEW YORK Saturday Evening Journal

## A HOME WEEKLY

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Vol. VIII.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams,  
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

(One copy, four months, \$1.00  
One copy, one year, . . . 5.00  
Two copies, one year, . . . 5.00)

No. 376

### DREAMING.

BY EDEN E. REEFORD.

Dreaming by the gateway old,  
Stands a maiden young and fair,  
While the breezes, over bold,  
Hide and seek among her hair.  
Far away her thoughtless eyes  
On the mountains old and gray,  
Solemn as the mysteries  
Which she strives to read to-day.  
She is thinking, as she stands,  
With the roses red and fair,  
Touching her unheeding hands,  
And the meshes of her hair,  
Of the years before her feet—  
Few or many knows she not—  
Bitter ones, perhaps, or sweet;  
What shall be the maiden's lot?  
Through her dream of days to be  
Runs a music sweet and low,  
As the music of the sea  
Underneath its ebb and flow.  
Tis the music, deep and sweet,  
Echoing softly through her breast  
Of a voice whose words repeat  
What her happy heart had guessed.  
Oh! this happy heart of hers!  
Never one so sweet before!  
And her deepest being stirs  
To its gladness, o'er and o'er.  
For he loves her! Oh, the thought!  
He, whom she has crowned as king;  
And again her soul is caught  
In a maze of wondering.  
O'er it be that he, whose words  
Haunt her when she wakes or dreams,  
As the carol of the birds,  
Or the music of the streams  
Echoes on our wearied ears  
When we know them far away;  
That he loves her so! And tears  
Hide the mountains old and gray.  
Oh, such happy, happy tears!  
All the world is in a dream,  
Looking down the coming years,  
Long, sweet summer hours they seem.  
For he walks beside her there,  
Whom her heart has crowned its king,  
All life's joys and ills to share  
Till they end their journeying.  
Hark! a step! Her cheek's red rose  
Blossoms out in sweet dismay,  
And her bright face gladder grows,  
While her day-dreams flit away.  
"Ah, my darling!" utters he  
Oh, the world is wild with bliss!  
For the king is come, and he  
Crown her queen with clasp and kiss.

## The Giant Rifleman:

OR,

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "SUNSHINE SETS," "DAKOTA DAN,"  
"RED ROB," "THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

A STRANGE WARNING.

It was an Indian that emerged from the bushes and confronted Frank and Nattie—a low-browed and dirty-looking Potawatomi, whose face wore a malicious smile. He was unarmed, which was sufficient evidence of his friendship; still there was something in his sullen, hangdog countenance that was not calculated to inspire the young men with perfect confidence, at first sight.

"How do!" the red-skin said, as he halted before the bee-hunters.

"Very well, thank you," replied Nattie; "how is your excellency?"

"Come tell white bee-hunters that guide at the village of Pokahgan," answered the Indian.

"Who do you mean by the guide?"

"The big white hunter."

"Do you mean to say that old Goliath Strong is at the Indian village now?"

"Yes; he come there tired and lame—then send Swift Wing, and his friends to come—meet one friend and send him on—then come on for you—old guide say bring him boat."

The Indian told his story so straight and with such an air of truth that our friends took no trouble to cross-question him, though they took a natural liking to the fellow the moment they saw him for his countenance on a white man's face would have been an index to a bad character. However, the bee-hunters at once packed up and embarked in the bateau for the Indian village known as Allegan.

Nathan and Ed used the oars, and as they glided into the river and turned up the stream, Frank Ballard became silent and thoughtful. His mind went back to the deer they had seen, and the ribbon upon its neck. Somehow or other, that very sight, trifling as it was, had impressed young Ballard strangely. He knew not why it was, for it was one of those unaccountable things that conjure up thoughts and feelings in the mind and heart that seem born of intuition.

While revolving the matter in his mind, the report of a rifle on the northern shore startled him from his reverie, and forced a cry of surprise from Nattie's lips. At the same instant, the Indian gave a quick, convulsive jerk at the oars, then his head fell forward upon his breast and he gasped for breath and rattled in the throat.

Nathan let go his oars and lifted the head of the Indian from its cramped position. As he did so, he saw a drop of blood ooze from a tiny hole in the forehead and trail a crimson track across the face.

"My heavens, Frank! this Indian has been murdered!" the youth exclaimed, "right before our very eyes!"

"What in the world can it mean?" replied Frank, glancing at him.

"I know that none of our friends fired the shot, for none of their rifles show small bullet holes as this that has killed the red-skin."

"Ah! by heavens, look there, Nattie!—stand on your guard!" suddenly exclaimed Frank.

"River pirates! or I'm a base lunatic," cried Nattie, dropping his hand to the butt of his revolver.

The object that had so startled them was a strange-looking craft that glided suddenly out from the mouth of a stream emptying into the river, and hitherto kept concealed by the dense,



"By the great Pyramids!" exclaimed Old Wolverine; "it is not that—look thar!"

arcading bushes that grew upon either shore. It was a small bark canoe, finished off with all the elaborate skill of Indian handiwork. It was covered with a curtain of thin white canvas that completely concealed the occupant from view. It was provided with oars, instead of the customary paddle, and the easy and graceful manner in which they rose and fell evinced great skill in their management.

This strange boat headed directly toward our friends, who, between the dead warrior and the piratical-looking craft, were in no little confusion of mind. Finally Nattie demanded:

"Who or what comes there?"

There was no response, but the stranger continued to advance and soon ran alongside our friends.

With wildly staring eyes the latter sat motionless, their hands upon their revolvers, waiting for the curtain to be drawn aside, or for some demonstration, at least, on part of the unknown. But to their surprise he remained under cover of his floating sedan, silent and motionless. Through the thin white curtains they could see, in silhouette, the dark outlines of a slight figure, and what struck them as most remarkable was its resembling the form of a woman.

Nattie was tempted to reach out and draw aside the curtain, but before he could muster up courage to do so, a small white hand and arm were thrust from between the selvages of the curtains. In that hand, which left no doubt as to the sex of its owner, was held a slip of white paper which Frank received.

"Read it," came a soft, subdued voice from the interior of the sedan boat.

Frank started at the sound of her voice, and with a low cry thrust out his hand to sweep aside the curtains; but the boat had glided beyond his reach, and a few moments later was lost to view among the drooping foliage.

Frank now glanced at the paper in his hand. Upon it was written in pencil these words:

"Stranger, be careful. Pokahgan, the Potawatomi chief, is the white man's friend, but not so with all his men. Some would murder you for a dollar. The one with you is a deceitful traitor, luring you into danger. Retrace your steps, and, I repeat it, be careful."

"The Unknown Marksman!"

Frank read the note with a shudder, but without a word he passed it to Nattie to read.

Both were completely astounded—not so much by the warning as by the name signed to it.

"Who is the Unknown Marksman?" asked Nattie.

"I don't know; I never heard of him before. He must have slain this Indian," replied Frank, in a strange tone.

"That was a woman in that boat, Frank."

"I know it, Nattie, and would give five years of my life to see her. When she spoke, her voice seemed to echo through the very fibers of my heart."

"I dare say her fingers put that ribbon around that deer's neck; but, Frank, you are excited."

"I know it, but never mind, Nattie. Do you think she is the Unknown Marksman?"

"Of course not; this is written in a bold, manly hand; but, Frank, I am afraid Goliath and Ed are in trouble. That Indian seemed to have understood all about our big guide and companion, and if he meant to lure us into danger, two to one our guide and Ed have met with danger."

"Well, what are we to do?" questioned Frank.

"Toss this dead Ananias overboard and return to where the boys left us, and wait for them until we are satisfied they are not coming; then we can decide on our future course."

So saying, they consigned the body of the Indian to a watery grave, then tucked about and returned to the place where they were halted when their two friends left them.

The bee-hunters now guarded their situation with extreme caution, for they were in a coun-

try of which they knew little, and of whose people they knew less. Hitherto their labors had been confined to the Kalamazoo, and what they had learned of the Indians' character was among the friendly tribes on the head-waters of that stream. They had learned that, although the red-men were peaceable and friendly, there many of them were given to petty thieving and crimes, and would not hesitate to stab a man in the dark.

Nattie saw that his companion was deeply impressed by the events of the last half-hour; and while they were discussing their future movements, Ed Mathews, to their great relief, returned. But he brought no word of their guide, Goliath Strong.

Frank Ballard narrated what had transpired since he left them, and showed him the warning of the Unknown Marksman.

Mathews was already excited when he arrived at camp; this his comrades saw, and attributed to some adventure while absent; but when he had read the paper he said:

"I am sure I have no desire to remain here and encounter that unknown marksman if he serves all as he did our red Ananias," replied Frank.

"No. You'd rather encounter his daughter—she of the covered boat, white hand and arm, and soft, witching voice," replied Nattie, with a mischievous sparkle of the eye. "Frank is bound to fall in love with something yet before he dies, and when he does center that heart of twenty-eight years growth upon a woman, it'll be there like unto one of the permanent fixtures of the universe."

Alas! Nattie knew little of Frank Ballard's heart, else he would not have spoken so lightly of it. He had little idea of the secret that lay buried in its inner recesses; and as he spoke, Frank turned toward the river to conceal his emotions, and said:

"Ah, Nattie, you are a wild boy, and I pray that your young heart may never grow heavy with the wrongs of a wicked world—but this is no time for moralizing, so let us embark at once."

Entering the boat they pushed out from shore and dropped silently down the river.

Night was approaching, and before they had journeyed far they began discussing the subject of a night encampment. It was finally agreed that they return to their previous night's camp before halting. This was some three miles further down. An island was the point in question; there they had cached a large amount of honey until they should return down the river. It was an admirable place for defensive operations, and a point where their absent guide would be as likely to find them as any other should he escape all dangers.

Night came on long before they reached their destination; but the moon sailed softly into the azure depths of night and flooded the river and forest with a mellow glow.

They pulled on and finally reached the island—a little sand-bar covered with drift, and fringed around with a dense growth of short water-willows. Nattie was the first to leap ashore, and almost the first thing that arrested his attention was a number of huge tracks in the sand where the willows had been trampled down.

But they were not human tracks—they were the tracks of bears. There were some large and some small; and when they saw their honey cache had been torn open and ravaged of many a day's hard labor, they knew what had attracted the rapacious honey-thieves to the island.

"Well, this is vexation itself," Nattie exclaimed, as he regarded the gutted cache with sore regret.

"We'd ought to have been more careful in covering the pit," said Ballard.

"Immaculate Moses! more careful! who ever supposed that a family of hungry bears was waiting and watching?"

"Hark!" interrupted Ed Mathews.

A movement in the willows arrested their attention, and the next moment they saw a young bear walk out of the willow and approach their cache which had been partly beached on the upper side of the island. Stopping near the prow of the craft the animal sniffed around it, then deliberately climbed into the boat and began an exploration for the bee-hunters' honey-cups.

"The infernal impudent brute!" muttered Nattie; "I'll stop that," and he raised his gun to fire. But at this juncture another bear—a male of huge proportions—issued from the bushes and approached the boat. Reaching the prow, the animal reared up, and placing its fore paws on the end of the craft, was about to leap in, when the bateau gave way before its ponderous weight and shot out into the river, and was carried away by the current.

The big bear sat down upon his haunches, sniffed the air and looked longingly after the boat that was floating away with its companion that seemed, in noways, disconcerted by its sudden departure; but rather pleased over the idea of having the bee-hunters' supplies all to itself.

"I'll settle with that old cuss, confound him!" exclaimed Nattie, and raising his rifle he fired at the big bear. But, under the excitement of the moment, his aim had been unsteady; the bear was only wounded in the shoulder; and with a fierce growl, it charged upon the authors of its pain.

"Rim, boys, run!" cried Nattie, taking to his heels.

Ed and Frank discharged their guns at the animal, though without any other effect than to increase its pain and fury; then turned and fled after the light-footed Nattie across the island.

At this juncture, three more bears, a female and two cubs, emerged from the bushes and joined in the pursuit, for the scent of their companion's blood had aroused them.

As if cognizant of the fact that Nattie was the author of his suffering, the wounded bear seemed to single him out for its first victim. Seeing this, Ed and Frank ran in a different direction, and taking advantage of this diversion, they hastily reloaded their rifles and opened fire on the animals. They succeeded in killing the female and her cubs, but the male seemed to bear a charmed life, and the more shots he received the greater became his speed and anger. He was now crowding close upon Nattie's heels.

The willows were no more impediment to his advance than as much grass would have been, and this enabled him to gain upon the boy. In and out of the moonlight and bushes the two glided, Nattie exerting every effort to elude the bear, while the latter, with glaring eyes, open mouth, and blood-dripping sides, shuffled on close behind.

Whenever the bear came in sight Ed and Frank, from their coverts, fired upon it. The last time it appeared, however, it was not ten feet from Nattie; and as the youth again disappeared in the bushes they felt that the last hope was gone.

A moment later they heard a cry and a double splash in the water.

"My God, Ed! it has forced him in the river!" cried Frank.

They bounded from the bushes and hurried across the island to the water's edge. They saw the bear struggling in the waves, but Nattie was nowhere to be seen.

The bear had borne him down under the waves," cried Ed, in an agony of suspense.

A rustling in the bushes to their right arrested their attention, and the next instant they saw the little, graceful figure of an animal launch out into the stream and swim toward the bear. It was immediately followed by another and still

another, until six of them had left the island and attacked the bear.

A fearful and deadly struggle now ensued in the river between bruin and the other animals. Our two friends watched the conflict with great eagerness, expecting to see Nattie's form rise to the surface; but in this they were disappointed. He was nowhere to be seen, and they were about to call to him when the form of a man pushed through the willows to the right, and approached them, holding his sides and laughing till his whole frame shook as with an ague chill.

This strange being was dressed in a suit of buck-skin made in the regular border style. On his head he wore a cap made of the fur of the wolverine, the head of the animal being arranged in front and in such a manner that the nose answered for a peak to the cap, while the ears were pricked up as if still possessed of life and cowardly fear.

"Great gosh! mighty, friends! isn't that one of the most dee-lightful, friskiest concentration of physical powers ye ever clapped yer optics on?" demanded the stranger, in a rollicking tone, between fits of hearty laughter. "Why, just discover that ole b'ar—ha! ha! ha!—spin round and round like a big turbine water-wheel; and see those boys o' mine how they sail in on their nautical. Ha! ha! ha! gents, that's one of the most dee-licious, superb ramifications that ole Wolverine ever had the pleasure o' gittin' up. Yoop! sail in, boys!"

"Indeed! are you old Wolverine, the Wolf-Hunter?" asked Frank Ballard.

"I be, sir, that very ole daisy, and it strikes me in the region of the cerebellum that we meandered hereaways just about the appointed time to save your friend."

"But we are not sure he is safe," answered Mathews.

"Safe as a dollar in a Jew's pocket; he dodged the b'ar arter he jumped into the water and swum around the island."

A moment later Nattie, soaked to the skin, made his appearance.

A shout of joy burst from the lips of his friends.

"I say, youngster," said old Wolverine, as familiarly as though he had always known the bee-hunters, "you made some purty lively motions, now didn't ye?"

"Well, stranger," said Nattie, "I rather imagine I did, and I think I had reasons for my actions, too; but are those your dogs that tackled that bear?"

"They are for a factum," answered Old Wolverine, "and now, don't you forget it, that b'ar'll git his solar system eclipsed from center to conference. Them 'ere dogs knows as well as a surgeon whar to feel for a tender spot. I've learnt 'em, ye see. They knowed just whar to close on a b'ar deer or wolverine. Why, I've actly seed' ole Baltic, that's my bull-dog, as what is a reg'lar snorter, snap a catamount in two so slick and easy that each end went flyin' in opposite directions—oh, a hundred yards or more apart. Now, that's a fact! Yoop! hurrah thar, boys! Wool him, Baltic! blast him! Fleetfoot! stab him, Mellow Tongue!" and the old hunter clapped his hands and shouted at his dogs until the very night resounded with the re-echoing of his powerful lungs.

The fight between the dogs and bear continued in the water. The latter acted upon the defensive altogether, and was at last compelled, through sheer loss of blood and exhaustion, to yield, to overwhelming numbers, the life he had clung to so tenaciously.

Old Wolverine now called his dogs ashore, and advancing to the center of the island where the moonlight fell unobstructed, calmly seated himself upon the carcass of one of the bears slain by Ed and Frank. Then, one by one, he called his six dogs to him and looked them over fully over for wounds; and when assured that they had received no serious injury he said:

"These 'ere dogs I call the Old Guard, 'cause as what they are infallible. These two"—referring to two tall, slender grayhounds—"I call Mellow Tongue and Fleetfoot. The one has a voice as charming as a flute, and soft and musical as Moorish whidders; and t'other'n can run so fast that the heat created by friction'll bust the air'll sing his hair—look thar! if you don't believe it!"

Then, here comes ole Faisy and Limer—two as good fox-hounds as ever led a trail or swaller-ed a loaf of corn-pone. And thar, then, is Cubbie, as sagacious a mongrel as ever throttled a wolverine or nipped the heels of a stag; and, lastly, thar is the reserved force of the Old Guard, Baltic. You see his nationality in his countenance—a bull-dog. He'd tip the bears at two hundred avoirdupois. Just look at 'em chops, boys; why, they hang like saddle-skirts over jaws that's stronger than an iron vise. I tell ye that dog, Baltic, is one chunk of muscle from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, even if the tail isn't but three inches long. Ha! ha! me and my loves, boys, have had hundreds of grand ole frolics together in these 'ere woods. We like it—we've been raised in these woods, ye might say; and don't you forget that we've been a sort of epidemic among the wolverines on which the State pays a very nice little bounty."

"How came you over on this island?" asked Nattie.

"Why, we heard you a-firin' and supposed a fight was goin' atwixt some rascals, and so we came over to inquire into it. We war comin' up the river in a boat, and when we seed' it was a rascals fightin', we couldn't tell what war up until we got right up here; then we seed' that boy reel off into the river a-rackin' the b'ar arter him, and knowed what the racket meant. So I spoke to the Old Guard, and away went the dogs of war."

As the rollicking and whimsical old wolf-hunter concluded his speech, he carelessly threw his arm around Baltic's neck and began humming to himself:

"Over the hills and far away,  
Over the hills and far away,  
Over the hills and far away, etc., etc."

His voice was not unmusical. There was a plaintive melody in its strains that at once appealed to the inner soul of his audience.

When he had ended his song and apparent mummage, Ed said:

"Wolverine, did you see our boat going down the river, with a bear in it?"

"I saw a boat jist below here, but I didn't notice a b'ar in it—in fact, I jist glanced at it, and as I seen no person in it, I paid no furdur attention to it. How come a b'ar in your boat?"



Ed told him how the cub went adrift—elicit- ing a roar of laughter from Old Wolverine.

Having reposed perfect confidence in the hunter from the first, Frank now went on and narrated the adventure of the day; and asked the old borderman's opinion of the same.

"Wal," he began, "it's a little mixed in my mind to read that. I've heard that the Indians war gittin' as fidgity as a hypocrite on the mourner's bench, but I don't believe they'd dare come out openly ag'inst the whites. Old Polak-gan is too smart a chief not to see the result of such an escapade. But, I'll tell you what I think the trouble is: this country is full of lumber-men, bark peelers and shingle-weavers; and among the many hundreds of them there are haydoogs of mean, ornery critters who come out here to escape justice and perjury to work. That's Bertraw's camp made up of Canadians; some of 'em—in fact, most of 'em—are good men; but there are some meaner than the proprietor of the sulphur-pit himself. Same way with Spencer's men—ditto, the settlers and Indians. As soon as the night comes, these fellows are drawn together by a natural affinity, and together they concoct and do a great deal of mean things. Housmever, the Unknown Marksmen's provin' a epidemic to some o' that class o' pilgrims."

"Who is the Unknown Marksmen? and what's your opinion of him, Wolverine?" asked Ballard.

"I think he's a rattlin' good shot—sure of his game every pop, as Old Mellow Tongue is of his trail. That's all I know 'bout him, and, in fact, is all I want to know."

"Which way are you traveling now?" asked Nattie.

"Goin' up the river on a big deer-hunt;—these rattlin' fine sport, boys. Just let me strike a trail and then go to Mellow Tongue the head, and oh, land of the blessed! Such ravishin' music! Why, it would drive you into ecstasies—yea, you'd expire with delight to hear the Old Guard sing as they string out through the woods. With Mellow Tongue in the ear and Old Baltic 'bout a half-mile behind, that trail becomes a grand old music. Didn't you ever hear a pack like that on the trail of a festive fox?—you didn't?—well, then, you've still something to live for. I'm goin' up the river now, and if you fellows want to take passage with me, I'll be glad to care to spell me now and then at the oars, why, come along, my Josies, and we'll have some rare old sport. Oh, I tell ye, I'm none o' yer sedates—I'm as frisky as a festive mule; and can stand more fun and frolic than any youngster in Michigan."

"But we were going down the river," said Frank; "besides we are bee-hunters."

"Bee-hunters?—well, now, don't you forget it, gents, that I can take you right slap-dab whar the bees are thicker than grains of sand on the desert Salabrah, or cranberry in the Blue Marsh. Why, it's a fact, they're so plenty, more or less, that they can't find holler trees enough to put their honey in; and so they just stick it right in among the branches. Why, the trees up there are all clamored over with honey. Bears just have rollicking times up there."

And, notwithstanding his wonderful exaggerations, the bee-hunters took passage with the old hunter and started back up the river, still in hopes that they would find Goliath Strong, their guide.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE MYSTERY OF SPIRIT RAPIDS.

As the four men journeyed slowly up the river, they discussed the absence of Goliath Strong and the appearance of the strange woman in the covered boat, as well as the death of the Indian, Swift-Wing.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Old Wolverine, "but what that Unknown Marksmen was quartered up that way. If so, I wouldn't be a card to call on him."

"Perhaps you might get a bullet through your brain," Nattie suggested.

"I hope not; but if anything of the kind should happen, boys, don't let the Old Guard come to grief. Old Mellow Tongue's olfactory is so keen that you could soon train him to track a bee through the air like a bird. But then, I don't want to go yet. I'm not ready to die," and as he concluded he began softly whistling:

"Over the hills and far away."

at the same time keeping time with the measured strokes of the oars.

Mentally, each of the bee-hunters pronounced Old Wolverine a good old fellow, full of rollicking sport and whimsical expression not altogether devoid of some philosophy; and he congratulated himself upon their having fallen into his companionship.

A few hours' rowing brought them back to the mouth of the South Black River, Castle Island and Spirit Rapids.

Castle Island was a rocky promontory shaped like a wedge, and splitting the waters of the South Black before it emptied into the main river. The waters that passed to the right of the island flowed in a strong current down through a narrow channel almost under the high, rocky walls of the island, while the main volume of water that passed to the left of the island, broke into wild, tossing rapids. The island was covered with a dense growth of scrubby pines, and was inaccessible. The right side, and the end overlooking the Black River proper, was guarded by high, projecting walls; while on the left side the rapids made it impossible for any human being to cross to the island. At least it seemed so to a casual observer watching the sweeping, tossing, twisting waters.

The moon was in the zenith when our friends reached this point. Castle Island, as some imaginative genius had named it, stood out against the northern sky like some old castellated ruin, true enough; while a white mist hung over Spirit Rapids, in which the same genius must have imagined he could see spiritual forms hovering over the seething waters.

"I'd give all my right, title and interest in purgatory to get onto Castle Island," remarked Old Wolverine, as they stood out before the imposing island.

"It seems to be unapproachable," said Nattie. "Perpendicular walls fifty feet high on one side and end, and these guarded by water, and the other side guarded by the Rapids. And yet, I believe it is inhabited."

"Impossible!" replied young Mathews; "no one could scale those crumbly walls; while to cross the rapids would be entirely out of the question."

"Wal, boys, I'm goin' to see just how fur into the rapids we can git, just for fun. This boat is stout as a man-o'-war," said Old Wolverine, and without consulting his companions' feelings on the subject, he deliberately turned the craft out of the main river into the mouth of the south branch, and started toward the rapids. They soon approached so close that they could feel the falling spray upon their hands and faces, and the boat rock under the agitated waters.

"I should think we were about close enough to the rapids, friend Wolverine," declared Frank, "inasmuch as we can gain nothing by going any further."

"I just want to try you fellows' nerves," said the old man; "and I don't git five rods further up, we could make the island like a top by sidling off-head against the current. So don't git skeery, boys."

Frank again entered a protest against what seemed a useless and reckless adventure, but the old hunter, determined to reach the island if possible, pulled with all his power against the rapids.

They had gone probably two rods further, when Mellow Tongue suddenly thrust his nose into the air and gave a low, uneasy whine.

"Hear that, Wolverines?" exclaimed Nattie; "your dog knows we're running into danger."

"By the great Pyramids!" exclaimed Old Wolverine; "it is not that—look that! Talk 'bout that bein' no such things as spirits and I'll drink this river!"

The old man pointed toward the shore and a little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were

rendered speechless by the sight of a form moving across the rapids—still closer to danger than they were. It was a form wearing a long, grayish-looking gown and a white hood completely covering head and face. Both arms were extended, and the white sleeves of the garment gave them the appearance of vampire wings.

The hunters were impressed with a strange, mysterious fear bordering on superstition, for they looked upon what seemed a supernatural being. Old Wolverine bade his dogs be silent, while with distended eyes he watched the apparition. It was moving across the river toward the island; and it was walking, or rather floating across the current of the rapids—the skirts of its cloak trailing twice about its feet on the surface of the eddying waters.

Slowly it passed before them—drifted on through the mist and sweeping tide, and finally disappeared in the shadows of the island.

Old Wolverine drew a breath of relief; the bee-hunters rallied from their awesome stupor.

"Darn my riggin!" burst from the lips of the hunter.

"What does that mean? I don't understand it," said Nattie Darrall.

"It beats the miracle of old Galilee; if my eyes didn't deceive me, I think I see'd a human critter walk deliberately and fearlessly across the river on the water."

"We all saw it," affirmed Frank, in an earnest tone.

"Then, by gee-hokey, it was a spirit!" declared Old Wolverine. "Nothin' else could walk the water like that—aye, these are Spirit Rapids, boys!"

"It's all bosh!" protested the brave Nattie Darrall. "I believe there is a stone foot-bridge along there."

"Oh, the improbabilities of youth!" cried the hunter; "a foot-bridge could be thrown across the Styx as easy as 'em rapids. I tell you—but doleful sound! that goes another!"

True enough; a second figure clad in misty gray, with extended arms, was seen to be moving across the river on the surface of the water. It could not be seen so distinctly as the first, however; the hunters, in their excitement, had permitted the current to carry their boat back some distance from the rapids.

They watched the shadowy form, however, until it had disappeared; then Old Wolverine drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"Boys, this is more pressure on my nervous system than I like. I can stand the hug o' the bar, the kick of a horse, or the whinny of a horse, but I'll be darned if I want to be skered to death by royal, gnuvine spooks. I tell ye these rapids are ha'nted by the spirits of those dashed to pieces among them rocks. I a'ers heard it said."

"I don't believe it," interrupted the boy hero, Nattie Darrall; "I believe there is something material in what we have seen, and am in favor of investigating the matter. I am now satisfied that we can venture up to where the apparitions crossed. I'm not afraid to go where any other person can."

"Well, blest if Wolverine and the Old Guard can't go where any boy can," declared the old hunter; "and so here goes, spirit or no spirit."

The old hunter plied his oars with all his strength and skill, and by a determined effort succeeded in stemming the writhing current to about the point where the apparitions crossed; but, to their surprise, they found no foot-bridge there—nothing but angry, foaming water upon which their boat rocked and tossed like an egg-shell.

For a minute the whole party was completely dumbfounded. Despite their better education, the bee-hunters now found themselves undergoing that vague, superstitious fear born of doubt and uncertainty, in consequence of what they had witnessed—a sight which they could not account for, and, therefore, involving a necessity for the supernatural. And with this feeling stealing over them, the roar of the rapids seemed blared and ghostly voices, and the leaping waters imbued with a ghostly spirit.

At length Nattie said:

"If I see another of those apparitions, I shall reach for it," and cocking his gun, he laid it across his lap, ready for instant use.

"They said they'd kill me, or a ghost or witch—that nothing but a silver bullet will touch them," observed Old Wolverine, trying to appear calm; "but if the Old Guard only had good footing, I'll bet they'd snake in yer ghostship in a jiffy."

Why, boys, old Mellow Tongue could track a whale across the ocean; and with him in the lead, and Baltic in rear, I tell ye the brine'd fly from their heels. Wolverine-huntin' gittin' to be dull, 'cause, when Mellow Tongue sounds the keynote, the wolf jist stops and arranges its throat for Baltic's throat, and then, and then—boy, do you see that?—there goes any other o' them critters—that's a little one—must be a young ghost."

A third apparition had appeared from the shore and was moving across the river toward the island. Like the others, it was clad in a hood and cloak of spectral gray; yet it appeared to be considerably smaller than those that had preceded it.

By this time the boat had again drifted away from the line traversed by the unknown; and, although the form could be but dimly seen through the mist, Nattie resolved to fire upon it.

With a strange uncertainty and misgiving, he raised his gun, and, taking careful aim, fired. The report of the piece sounded dead and dull, and it had scarcely jarred upon the ears, when the little party were a heartrending and piercing scream rent the night, and the apparition was seen to sink upon the bosom of the waves.

"My God!" cried Nattie, "that was a human cry—the cry of a woman! Pull, Wolverine, pull to the rescue, though I be a murderer!"

The hunter bent to the oars and sent the sharp-pointed boat speeding against the current. Into the very edge of the rapids he pulled.

Frank Ballard is in the prow and with distended eyes he searches for the body of the youth's victim. He sees an object rise to the surface on the left. He sees a pair of arms buffeting the waves.

"To the left, Wolverine, to the left!" he shouts.

They turned the boat to the left. It shot like a dart alongside the body. Frank made a grab at it and seized a human form by the wrist; but at that instant the boat struck a hidden rock and capsized. All were thrown headlong into the water, and the next moment were ruthlessly swept away on the bosom of the river.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

#### Miss Langmaid's Antecedents.

BY HENRI MONTCAUL.

FRED EAST and I were at school and college together. I suppose I would do almost anything for Fred East. Consequently, when he came into my office (I had just been admitted to the bar of my native State) and asked my assistance in a certain very delicate matter, I promised to do what I could for him as a matter of course.

"I'm afraid we are going to have trouble out home," Fred began, putting the case before me. "You see, some time ago, Jennie"—(Jennie was Fred's wife; they lived with Fred's father at the old East homestead)—"she hired a governess for the children. We never liked her after the first. She didn't seem quite up to her business, to begin with; and then she showed herself, after awhile, to be not exactly a lady. There was something low about her which we did not notice at first, and she had not been with us three months before my wife and I, we agreed we'd better get rid of her."

But we no sooner announced this determination than the old gentleman puts his foot down and says she sha'n't budge an inch as long as she chooses to do us the honor to stay with us

—that she is a model of a woman, a perfect angel, and that he loves her with all his soul, and will marry her, and no questions asked if she will have him."

"And is she willing to take him?" I asked.

"Willing! Yes, and jumps at the chance. Indeed I've no doubt that's what she came there for. She is some adventuresome from the city here."

"When is the wedding to come off?"

"I've persuaded the old man to wait a month. At the end of that time he will certainly marry her unless I can prove to him there is something wrong about her. What I want you to do is to come down and stay a day or two and see if you can make her out. You are a lawyer, and maybe can find out something. Come down Saturday and stay as long as you can. I'll meet you at the station."

As we drove up the carriage road of the East homestead that next Saturday afternoon, I would hardly blame Miss Eugenia Langmaid (that was the governess' name) for wishing to become its mistress.

It was one of the most beautiful country seats I ever saw. Fred's father and wife received me as cordially as ever. The former was a stately, white-haired old man, always full of sociability and good cheer, and now with a fire in his eye and a vigor in his movements which I had not seen in him for a long time.

Mrs. Fred was a pretty little fair-skinned woman fully in sympathy with her husband, and understanding perfectly the object of my visit. Miss Langmaid did not seem to be about just then.

Wandering alone in the shrubbery toward sunset, I first saw the governess herself. Unperceived by her, I stood watching her for some moments, really astonished to see a woman so different from what Fred had led me to expect. She was tall and dark—not beautiful according to any recognized standard of beauty, yet wonderfully attractive. I thought—what the French call *seduisante*. I could not wonder Mr. East had fallen in love with her; and I could not for the life of me discern the "air of an adventuresome" which Fred had discovered. I was on the point of stepping forward and addressing her, when she turned suddenly, without seeing me, and went off by the main path toward the house. Shortly after, a very surprising event took place. I came up the walk toward the front piazza, where were standing the entire family, including Miss Langmaid, whose back was toward me, so that she did not see me at all. As I mounted the steps Mrs. Fred turned to her and said:

"Miss Langmaid, let me introduce our friend, Mr. Easton."

I stood in the full sunset light within a few feet of them. At Mrs. East's words the governess turned easily toward me and raised her eyes—and very beautiful eyes they were, I remember. But, no sooner did they fall upon me than she started forward, then suddenly covered her face with her hands and fell fainting to the floor. The old man gave me a suspicious glance, then bent over her prostrate form and seized her hand. She was taken indoors at once, and I did not see her again that night.

As for her fainting at sight of me, I was quite unable to account for it. I had never seen the lady before in all my life nor she me. Why she should faint at seeing me was a mystery I could not solve, and I had so little difficulty in accepting her own explanation of it the next morning (when she met me quite calmly), that before the week was out I had almost forgotten the occurrence. She had been quite unwell the day before, she said, and I so nearly resembled a very dear friend of hers who was dead, that seeing me all at once had startled and overcome her.

I did not find out much either for or against Miss Langmaid's respectability during the few days I remained with the East family; and all the while I failed to see anything loud or unladylike in her. I thought her a very charming woman, and was half inclined to fall in love with her myself.

But I did discover something in her manner to which Fred evidently had reference, but which, it seemed to me, he misunderstood. From a certain air of restraint which she assumed when, on one occasion, I ventured some inquiry as to her past life, and from a certain hard dash that flow into her eyes whenever society and society distinctions were mentioned or insisted upon, I somehow or other felt convinced that Miss Langmaid had a story, and by no means a pleasant one, which she was hiding from the world; and more than that, she had some time or another been brought to bay by the world, and compelled to fight the society into which she now sought to escape.

Whether this story involved guilt on her part, whether there was anything in it which should put an end to the proposed marriage, of course I could not say; but I felt that her story ought to be known. Yet, as far as that story was concerned, I went away from Mr. East's at the week's end no wiser than I came, feeling certain that the wedding would come off at the month's end in spite of anything Fred or his wife could do.

It was by the strangest coincidence I ever knew that a clue to Miss Langmaid's past was put into my hands immediately.

Only a few days after my visit to the East homestead, I was called to Buffalo on business, and when about to return, having just secured my berth for the night, as I stood in the Erie depot, all at once I felt a hand laid with no light weight upon my shoulder, and a gruff voice saying:

"Well, my friend, we've got you at last, have we? Quite a little chase you've given us."

It did not take long to assure me that my name was Antoine Leclerc, that I was supposed to be a Frenchman, that I had committed forgery at Louisville some weeks since—where, by the way, I had never been in my life—and that I was now under arrest.

The only approach to truth in the whole story was as to my being French. My mother was of French descent. Evidently the detective had taken me for another man; but of course I had no difficulty, being well acquainted in Buffalo, of establishing my identity and obtaining my release at once.

As I was about to part company with my professional friend, he said:

"Well, if you're not Leclerc, you look enough like him to be his brother. I've had hands on him once, and I could have sworn you were he. I never knew so strong a resemblance."

It was certainly very strange, and a sudden thought struck me.

"Do you know anything of this Antoine Leclerc's past life?" I asked.

"Not much," answered the officer. "He has been in Louisville for two or three years."

—came there from Pittsburgh where, I believe, he was a prominent witness in a murder trial, and confessed to having perjured himself. It was his testimony that all but convicted the

woman (the prisoner was a lady), when, upon assurance that he would not be prosecuted for perjury, he contradicted his own testimony point blank, and, somehow, the woman got off."

"Do you remember the woman's name?" "No. I've told you about all I remember of the trial. It was in May, eighteen seventy—You would find it all on the court records."

I took a note of the date, and bidding my new friend adieu, took the next train, not for home, but for Pittsburgh. I had not only a hope, but what almost amounted to a conviction, that I had been taken for Antoine Leclerc once before in my life, viz., on the night I was introduced to Miss Langmaid. And more than this, I felt sure of finding, sooner or later, that that lady had been on trial for murder in the courts of Pittsburgh in the year of grace eighteen seventy—

From the court records and from the old clerk I gleaned the following particulars of a story in which I felt sure that Miss Langmaid was the leading character. The case was that of the State vs. Josephine Digby. Mr. Leroy Digby had been a merchant, whose business was in a very mixed condition. His wife was a young woman, and beautiful, more than thirty years his junior. There was no doubt, from the various evidence in the case, that Digby had treated her shamefully. He not only deprived his wife, in every possible way, of her freedom, but constantly treated her with positive cruelty, and in a thousand ways made life to her, as his wife, unbearable.

I felt in my heart that I could hardly blame her, whatever she was, for taking the law into her own hands and ridding herself of him, as I could not doubt, from the evidence, she had done. It seems that Digby had been slightly ill for a week, and then all at once he was found one morning dead, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he had died of poison. There was circumstantial evidence in abundance that pointed to the wife as the murderer, yet it would hardly have convicted her but for the additional testimony of one man, Antoine Leclerc, who had been, as it turned out, an unsuccessful suitor of the lady, who swore positively that he accidentally saw Mrs. Digby prepare and administer the fatal draught. He was an intimate of Mr. Digby's and constantly at the house during his illness. All this together would beyond a doubt have hung the woman had not Leclerc, at the last moment, as the detective had said, contradicted his own testimony, giving his hatred of the lady as a reason for his false evidence. How he was prevailed upon to do this, I never learned nor does it matter. Suffice it to say that though there seemed no room for doubt that the woman was guilty, yet technically it could not be proven, and the judge so charged the jury that they could not do otherwise than acquit her. But she left the court-room amid hisses and groans—not a person far or near who had heard of the case but believed her guilty. From the description I obtained of Mrs. Digby I made no doubt that she and Eugenia Langmaid were the same person; and, armed with these facts, I proceeded straight home and down to the East house.

I had formed a plan of my own in the matter, and I was therefore glad, upon my arrival, to find no one at home except Miss Langmaid. As gently as I might, for I pitied the woman, I made her aware first how much I knew of her previous history. Contrary to my expectation, she admitted the whole story at once and threw herself upon my mercy. In a few heartrending sentences she assured me that she had been innocent of that terrible crime, and that her husband had been poisoned through a mistake of his own. Then she went on with sobs and tears to tell me how this awful charge had ruined her life for her—a life that had never been too happy even before she sold herself to the brute who had sought her—how no one would believe in her innocence, and how she had at last given up the fearful struggle against the world and sought under a new name to regain among strangers the position she had lost among friends. Finally she threw herself upon the grass at my feet, and, clinging to my knees, besought me not to betray her and rob her of this only chance of happiness. She assured me again and again that she really loved Mr. East, and knowing that he idolized her, she felt that she could make him happy if only I would not reveal her story.

Of course it was impossible for me to do as she wished. I told her I could in honor do no less than lay her story before the old man; then, if he chose to believe her, I had nothing further to do in the matter. I besought her to take that task upon herself—to go to him, tell him all and rely upon his love and kindness. If she could not do this, I said, I must tell him myself.

She grose and looked at me sadly a moment. "No," she said. "He would believe me at first, but the rest of them hate me, and when they brought him the evidence he would believe, too. It's of no use, Mr. Easton. I will go away at once. Only, promise me that you will not let them know," and she put out her beautiful hand to me. "I would like him never to know it. And here, this moment, alone with you and my God, I swear to you that I never poisoned Leroy Digby." And gazing upon her as she stood with her hand in mine and her eyes raised to heaven, looking lovelier far than any woman I had ever seen—for that moment at least, I fully believed her. And even now, as I think of it, I hardly doubt her.

As for her story, I never told it before this to any one.

#### "Tom Porter."

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

AMOS AMORY was the happiest man in Westville. For he was not engaged to pretty, blue-eyed Susie Bloom, and hadn't he won her right before the face and eyes of half a dozen disappointed suitors, who had vowed to wear the willow eternally for her sweet sake?

The course of Amory's true love ran smooth, so far, and he was morally certain it always would.

"No use in lover's quarrels," said sensible Amos; "no sense in this everlasting jealousy and all that! Never catch me getting jealous, I tell you. No danger of that, Susie!"

Nor, indeed, did there seem to be any danger, for Susie was a discreet little body, not likely to give him any cause, as Amos felt quite secure.

But, alas! for the fallibility of human calculations.

One evening when he went for his usual call, Amos found Susie in unusually high spirits over a letter she had just read.

"You must have had good news," said Amos, smiling fondly on her.

"Oh, I have!" cried Susie, with sparkling eyes. "It's from Tom Porter, my very dearest friend! After you, of course, Amos! We are both invited to a grand wedding at How-

ardsville, and Tom's coming down to go with me. Ain't you glad for me? Tom and I always have such good times!"

"Oh—ah—yes, certainly, I'm glad!" replied Amos, but with a certain feeling at his heart that if Susie's friend had been "Mollie" Porter, or "Jenny" or "anybody" else, almost, except Tom or John or some other cognomen which denoted him as belonging to the masculine fraternity, he would have been much better pleased with Susie's delight.

"I know you would be!" cried Susie. "Everybody likes Tom. We've been the dearest friends since we were ever such little tots! Tom makes me a visit every year, and we do enjoy ourselves so much! I know you'll enjoy it, too, Amos."

"Hum—yes—very nice, I'm sure," Amos answered, vaguely wondering if this Tom was so fond of pretty Susie, and visited her regular every year, how it happened he had not secured her for himself long ago.

"Does your friend Tom know we are engaged?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I always tell Tom everything," said Susie.

"Humph! coming to try to cut me out, maybe?" thought Amos. Of course there was no danger he would succeed, and of course Amos was not jealous; but he didn't feel exactly comfortable, and he didn't make his call quite as long as common, for he was something out of humor.

"Well, I'm sorry you have to go early," said Susie, when he pleaded business as an excuse. "But, never mind, I'll write to Tom tonight, and I'll say all sorts of pretty things about you!"

"Tom be—hanged!" thought Amos, not a bit comforted by Susie's promise to say "pretty things" about himself, but wishing, as he went home, that Tom Porter was going to the North Pole, or the Equator or somewhere else except to Howardsville with Susie.

"I won't go!" he growled, for he, too, was invited. "There's no time for me any more!" And he thought regretfully of the cozy evenings he spent with Susie, which would be broken into by Tom's arrival.

It wasn't the only time Amos growled in the next few days, for it seemed as if he couldn't go near Susie without getting that odious Tom Porter flung in his face.

Susie always had to write to Tom, or she had just got a letter from Tom, or she wanted to see to fixing up something for Tom's room, and at last she actually asked Amos if he wouldn't meet Tom at the depot for her!

This was a little too much, and poor Amos almost actually swore in pretty Susie's presence! And he did speak so short and snappish that Susie was perfectly astonished, and wondered if she had done anything to offend him.

But she was so sorry that Amos had to leave town on business for a day or two just now, and gave him many charges to come and see her and Tom just the minute ever he got back!

And simple Susie never guessed that Amos didn't have to leave town at all, but was sulking at the store, "all alone by himself," as the old lady said who made a solitary trip to California.

Two mortal days and nights Amos held out after Susie's visitor arrived. Then human flesh and blood could stand it no longer with an unseemly rival in the field, so Amos rigged himself in his very best style and started for Susie's, vowing to himself that if she didn't treat him different from the way she treated that abominable Tom Porter, he would break with Susie Bloom then and there, and Tom Porter could take her and go—just where he had a mind to!

At Susie's house he was shown into the parlor, to wait a moment for Susie's appearance. The room was unoccupied, except by a young lady in black luster, with a knot of scarlet velvet at her throat, a profusion of long, yellow hair, and a plain, pleasant face, not at all pretty, who rose as Amos entered.

"I beg pardon; I expected to find Miss Bloom," said Amos, politely.

"She will be down in a moment. Please be seated," said the lady.

"She is here now, and glad to see you, Amos," said a familiar voice just behind him, and he turned to greet Susie, prettier and rosier than ever as she held out her hand, blushing and smiling, to welcome him.

"Tom," she said, turning to the yellow-haired young lady, "this is my friend, Mr. Amory. Amos, I will make you acquainted with my dear Tom Porter, of whom you have heard so much."

Amos nearly jumped out of his boots. He grew first red, then pale, and stammered forth:

"Porter! Tom! I—I thought—thought—Tom Porter was a man!"

Susie broke into a merry peal of laughter, in which Miss Porter joined.

"You did! Is that what you've been pointing about?" Susie cried. "Amos, I do believe you've been jealous of Tommy!"

Amos didn't deny the accusation, but he just caught Susie and kissed her, right before her friend, and then to complete his audacity, he kissed Miss Porter, too, telling her it was to make up, but forgetting to say "make up" for what!

However, he knew very well what for, and only blessed his lucky stars that he had not told Susie he wouldn't go to Howardsville with her and Tom Porter, for now he was entirely willing to go.

"It's owing to my boy's name, I suppose," said Miss Porter, when Amos made all the explanation intended to







"Jonathan," said Mrs. A., "the girls must be properly finished. When they come home, and it is known that they have been fashionably educated, and have traveled for a year in Europe, they will, of course, make good matches and be off your hands." In vain Jonathan suggested that he did not see as his boys had done any better for their "finishing." Mrs. A. retorted that girls were not like boys, and Sarah and Jane positively must go.

putation for ill-nature which they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corn, opening the cupboards where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things, and apologizing for them with a still more terrible bluntness. If there is one social boon more to be desired than another it is tact; for without tact the career of the richest and most beautiful is often utterly marred.

around the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you will give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the saving's

sleep I shall finish some dispatches and look over my papers." M. Thiers was nearly asleep, when M. de Bismarck, perceiving that his legs were not covered and fearing lest he should be cold, gently stretched a fur cloak over him. Two

before each meal. This treatment will cure deep-seated disease of the liver, which occasions the spots.—Roman gold, frosted silver, and all manner of ancient and foreign designs are in favor for earrings. Small ornaments are now the choice.



## AMOR VINCIT.

BY HENRY ARSTEN.

Tantalizing weakness!  
Spell-bound—oh, for shame!  
By a pair of blue eyes  
Lit by love's bright flame!

How should I be stricken  
By two love-lit eyes?  
I, so philosophic,  
I, so wondrous wise?

I, by pride elated,  
Never dreamt, oh, no!  
That a woman's fancy  
Could my will subdue.

I, to care for woman!  
Who the sex abhorred;  
Wondered what was in them  
That could be adored:

Took them for pert triflers;  
Painted butterflies;  
Giddy laughter; mock-herols,  
Empty enticements:

Laughed at tender glances,  
Sneered at heaving sighs,  
Looked on declarations  
But as gilded lies:

Watched the gaudy shadows  
In my stole pride;  
Smiled at their endeavors  
Empty heads to hide.

Heartiest welcome smile they  
On the rich man's son;  
Noses turn up at him  
When the play is done.

Pledging at the altar  
Love that knows no death;  
Making of the froside  
But a hell on earth—

Woman—I have called her  
Quintessence of life;  
Taken to her bosoms  
To turn and kill:

Golden, roseate apple,  
Core but poisoned ash;  
Hollow, heartless nothing,  
Born to lies and flash.

I had watched the mother  
School her bright-eyed girl  
How to lace her bodice,  
How to adjust a curl.

She, a willing pupil,  
Scarcely needs aught;  
Mother Nature's taught her  
Well to play her part.

And I thought that never  
Girl would be to me  
More than painted picture,  
Pretty, true, to see!

Vase of Nature's carving,  
Wondrous piece of art,  
Study for a sculptor,  
Thing without a heart!

And yet too tiny, fleet,  
Fattening along,  
Cause my heart to beat like  
Drum in battle's throng.

Magnet as'er was pole-witched  
More than witched am I  
By the mellow luster  
Of a beaming eye.

And I would not give my  
Love for all the loves  
Ever turned half orazy  
Wiser heads than Jove's.

## What the End Was.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Una's caprice," said Mrs. Delabar, Una's married sister, with a scornful accent. "There is no use attempting to account for her wayward freaks. Mother will not and I cannot keep her under control. Your opinion would have weight with her, if you chose to exert it, Jerome. If it were my case I would not like my fiancée to make associates of that sort."

Jerome Carlisle had his back squared against a pillar, not that the pillar needed propping up, indeed, but he was constitutionally lazy, and one might fancy that he had registered a vow in heaven or elsewhere never to stand upright while a support stood which would afford him a leaning place.

"Ah, yes; if it were your case there would be all the difference in the world. I hope you are not going to judge me by that faithless Delabar, though. When my heart ceases to point to the load star of my existence—"

"Nonsense! Don't be ridiculous, please. If I had any fear for you, do you suppose I would take the trouble to put the teaching creature in your thoughts? If we pair her off with that Mr. Lorrimer she will not be very much in the way, and I want your co-operation in doing it."

"Mrs. Delabar turning matchmaker! By Jove! it strikes me Lorrimer is capable of sparing you the trouble. Pity the only available gentleman of the lot of us should be such a general favorite, isn't it? You generous soul, don't fret. Rather than the new addition to our party should feel herself slighted, I'll endure the boredom of trying to do the agreeable myself. A teacher, did you say? An intellectual damsel then, I suppose. It's a deuced deal of trouble, but I'll furnish up my wits and be ready for her."

"He stood there like Patience on a monument," said Mrs. Delabar, relating the conversation to her mother later; and, upon my word, I don't know now whether he was half-asleep or laughing in his sleeve at her anxiety. While you persist in remaining blind where Claude Lorrimer is concerned, I must be skeptical regarding human penetration."

"Lucette is never happy unless she is harping on some grievance which has its existence in her imagination only," said Una, who, pausing upon the threshold had heard the remark. "What that poor Mr. Lorrimer has done to merit her antagonism is one of those things which no one may find out. Best tell me that Miss Wallis has come. Have either of you seen her?"

"Not I," Mrs. Delabar answered for herself, curtly.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brooke, "I left orders that the young person should be shown up to her room directly she should arrive, and—"

"And it is quite time the young person was having some attention paid her," cut in Una, imperiously. "I told you, Lucette, and I tell you now, mamma, I am not going to have Bertha Wallis majestically snubbed as music-teachers generally are in this house. It was very well while it was Miss Hagge, snuffy old thing! but poor little Bertha has quite enough of shadow life in that dingy seminary. I know all about her from the preceptress, and I am bound she shall have a glimpse of sunshine now if never before."

She passed on with that, singing as she went in the same spirit of defiance which shone forth from her brightly handsome face:

"My day is to-day, and to-morrow for thee;  
But when shall that to-morrow be?"

"When, indeed?" thought Mrs. Delabar, grimly. "What with the stupidity of all these people it is likely to be when too much of your own sweet will loses you the best catch of a lifetime, my dear."

Bertha Wallis came timidly forward as that radiant apparition entered. It seemed like a dream to her yet, the piece of good fortune which had wafted her to Brooke Villa. It was

a very practical affair so far as Madame Lanier, the preceptress, was concerned. Every year since Una Brooke graduated from her establishment Madame had received a present when the family came down to their country-house, and very willingly sent her music-teacher to play polkas and waltzes to the gay young company thronging the villa from the time of their coming until their departure. That the young pupil-teacher had been promoted to fill the vacancy occasioned by Miss Hagge's withdrawal—at one-half the latter's salary and her full capability—would not, in Madame hoped, disappoint the expectations of her kind patrons at Brooke Villa.

Una, conducting the interview, glanced at Miss Wallis where she was walking in the grounds, and with a quick glow rising over her face, professed herself satisfied.

She gave her another look now, put her arm about her shoulders impulsively and kissed her cheek.

"You dear little thing!" she said. "You are even prettier than I thought you were."

"It was so kind of you to think of letting me come here."

"Very kind, indeed." A touch of dryness in Una's voice. "You will probably think so still more when you find what a dissipated set we are, and you are kept out of bed to unconscionable hours jingling tunes when you ought to be gathering new force against the martyrdom of next term. I should think you had enough of that sort of thing at school."

"It is nice to get away from running the gamut forever," confided Bertha, naively.

"And you really like it here?"

"Like it!" The words were too tame. "Oh, how happy—how happy—how happy you must be. Do you know, Miss Brooke, you are the first person I ever saw who had everything that could possibly want."

"Everything I want, you unsophisticated child! Yes, I have everything"—finished under her breath with—"but my heart's desire."

Mr. Carlisle opened his eyes when the "intellectual damsel" first passed before his sight. A little creature, rosy and dimpled and bright, with fair hair and dark eyes, her dress of soft, gauzy blue, with puffs of snowy illusion and the gleam of Roman pearls, which he, in his masculine innocence, thought infinitely more becoming than the point lace and Ceylon pearls worn by Mrs. Delabar. Una was like a royal rose beside this charming little daisy, and yet—

Well, who can give any reason for the unreasoning course taken by that perverse emotion, sweetest and strongest in the youthful heart. We know individuals whom we admire ardently and respect sincerely, but we do not lose our heads and hearts on their behalf. We have none of the pain of bliss and foolish rapturous flutterings in their presence. Along comes another, in no way so brilliant or so admirable, and behold! the mischief is done.

We never stop to ask why after that, but are content with the fact, and so was Mr. Carlisle. Not that he came to an understanding with himself that first evening, nor for many afterward, but all the same, the mischief was done—done, despite the fact that remained of his betrothal to Una Brooke.

"I might have spared myself my troublesome researches," he said to Mrs. Delabar. "I'll be able to make myself intelligible there without cramping."

"Were you cramping when I saw you with Eugénie Grandet? I thought you were dreaming."

"It would have been of Belzac's 'Girl with the Golden Eyes,' had I seen Miss Wallis then."

Mrs. Delabar was not listening very intently. She was watching, with scarcely concealed impatience, a couple who walked on the moonlit piazza; she fancied she could see the droop of Claude Lorrimer's head, the dreamy tenderness of his handsome, poetic face and swept away to put a temporary check upon her sister's flirtation with that audacious young man. That it was more than a flirtation Mrs. Delabar's pride of caste would not permit her to think.

"But," reasoned the astute matron, "if Jerome ever wakes up enough to realize how she is trifling with the other, he will just coolly give her her liberty, and cut clear of the whole affair. He has Spartan stuff under his indolent guise."

She had the pleasant remembrance afterward that it was herself sent Una in to relieve Bertha at the piano; that it was herself kept Lorrimer discussing art subjects; that it was due to her Mr. Carlisle devoted himself to Bertha uninterruptedly for a couple of hours, floating through a mazy waltz, looking over engravings, talking more animatedly than Jerome often roused himself to do. Bertha could talk, he found, frankly and sensibly, a state of affairs he had never known before with such wax-like prettiness. Her charm lay in her utter forgetfulness of self, perhaps.

That was the beginning. The end came soon—soon, counting the days and weeks, but long enough to compress heaven in one restful period of earthly existence for Bertha. Life had been a hard struggle with her, but she had made the best of it. Why should she not enjoy the sunshine and the flowers; its sweets, though she was only an humble toiler in the universal hive.

It was that unvarying brightness of hers set Carlisle to thinking, and a direct cause of the result was the merest trifle. Una and Bertha chanced to be placed side by side, both silent and absorbed for the moment, and Jerome, unobserved, watched the play of those two faces. A shadow had come over Una's brilliant beauty, he could trace lines of anxiety marring her smooth brow, but the expression, passionate, painful, longing, baffled him. He read the signs of a nature at war with itself, but vaguely. What cause had she for a restless familiar when Bertha's serene loveliness shone forth undimmed?

Una left the room while that train of thought filled his mind, and somehow—he never knew how—before he had fairly decided to gain freedom and eventually declare the passion he no longer attempted to conceal from himself, it found its way into words. A torrent of words, once they broke forth, passionate and pleading, which opened up the future for Bertha through a golden fairyland of which she had scarcely dared to dream.

Miss Wallis!

It was Mrs. Delabar coming upon the scene, which one glance from her keen eyes read through. It was Mrs. Delabar who, five minutes later, put an end to Bertha's briefly happy dream.

"It is not necessary that I should comment upon Mr. Carlisle's actions," said Mrs. Delabar, icily. "His engagement with my sister is no secret. I simply wish to warn you, Miss Wallis, that people are apt to make ill-natured remarks when a gentleman in his position is led to a show of devotion, where, unincumbered, he would not bestow a serious thought."

Poor little Bertha, innocent of every inten-

tion to mislead, stole away, feeling as if she had been under the lash of a scorpion tongue. She went into Una's room that night, having passed the intervening hours in her own.

"I must go away," she faltered; "back to the seminary."

Una, sitting idly by the window, turned.

"Why, Bertha! You are not in earnest, surely! You shall not leave me so abruptly."

Then as Bertha persisted: "What is at the bottom of this sudden resolution, my dear? Something, I know."

Bertha was too eminently truthful to say "Nothing," as most girls would have done.

"I cannot tell you. I am not ungrateful to you, Miss Brooke, but I must go back."

Una was too considerate to urge her further.

"I will see that some one drives you over in the morning, then," she said. The moment Bertha was gone she left her room, passed down the silent stairway, out into the night, and so on to the stable where which was the coachman's room, and surprised honest Jen by volunteering him a leave of absence for the next two days.

The younger people had gone riding next morning, Mrs. Brooke, who was half an invalid, had not left her room, and Mrs. Delabar was closeted with the housekeeper, when Bertha came down in her simple outdoor attire. She was leaving the villa with as little attention as she had entered there, but with a weight of dull misery bearing down her joyous spirit now.

A light of surprise flashed over her face as Jerome came forward to meet her. He explained very quickly that he was to drive her over in place of Jen, absent.

If she had expected he would renew his protestations of the previous day, she was mistaken. Very little was said during the earlier part of the ride. The horse, a spirited thoroughbred, went at a quick, untiring pace, bearing them swiftly over the dusty high-road, and through green country lanes. At last the glaring red brick walls of the seminary were visible, and Bertha pointed the building out to him just before they entered a fringe of grove overhanging a deep, dark ravine.

He turned to her then as the cool shadow of the wood fell over them, speaking hurriedly:

"There is something I wish to say to you which I am not free to say yet. I think I shall be soon. Forgive me for yesterday, and say that I may come to see you to-morrow."

The truth was, he had endeavored to have an interview with Una before setting out, but she had baffled him. What Bertha's answer would have been will never now be known.

At the instant some unseen sportsman near fired his piece. Startled by the report, Carlisle's horse made a sudden spring which jerked the reins from his hand. He leaned forward and strove to regain them, shouting to the horse, but the frenzied creature was past obeying his command; it made a mad plunge forward, for the space of a breath they were poised upon the brink above the ravine, then all went over the precipitous steep.

The next Bertha knew was the horror of seeing Carlisle pinned fast by the body of the dead horse, himself as white and still as death. She never felt her own hurts. She strove frantically, with futile efforts, to release him from that crushing weight. Failing, she crept down to the rivulet which trickled through the shadow below, and wetting her handkerchief bathed his pallid face, chafing his hands and calling his name in that agony which would not permit her to remain inactive.

She had thought him dead from the first, but a change came. The closed lids lifted, and a passion as strong as life was in the look.

"I think I am dying," he said, in a weak whisper. "Dearest love, remember—I de—love you."

She had stooped low to catch those feeble accents. It was as if the wavering spirit had been recalled to give her that assurance, for afterward carved marble could not have seemed more lifeless than he. Feeling strangely quiet and numb, Bertha also felt that all the glory of life had fled for her.

It was not strange that she had a fever after that day's shock. When consciousness came again, she was in her own bed in a corner of the big, silent dormitory, with the preceptress standing over her. She had no recollection of forgetfulness; memory came to her with her first awaking. She asked but one question.

"Who did he die?"

"Who, my dear? Oh, Mr. Carlisle. He did not die at all. He is almost entirely recovered, I believe, although we do not hear now as when he was at the villa. They all left there soon after Una's marriage. You are not to talk, my dear."

Bertha had no desire to talk after that. She had no desire to live, but despite her wish life prevailed. A life so flat and dreary, so barren of all promise or hope, he wondered if she would ever become reconciled to it. She was wondering that for the hundredth time as a gentleman came through the grounds, and was directed to the sunny south room where the convalescent sat. She gave a breathless cry as he appeared before her, and pressed her hands hard above her fiercely-beating heart.

"My love! My darling! At last!"

She kept him back by a repellant gesture.

"Mr. Carlisle, you forget. Una—your wife—"

"I have no wife. I will have none except you. Have they not told you? Do you not know that Una eloped with Lorrimer and married him that day, and so gave me the freedom I would have asked?"

And surely, further, record is not required to go.

## Sowing the Wind;

OR,  
THE PRICE SHE PAID.BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A GIRL'S HUMILIATION.

THE trio that gathered around the breakfast-table at Westwood that morning were outwardly as usual—pleasant, courteous, well-dressed, but to Rose St. Felix' keen perception there was something very decidedly amiss in Jocelyne, while on Mr. Ithamar's pale, grave face she read the signs of the conflict he had undergone through the long, woful hours of the night.

Her interest was instantly on the quiet.

Was there a mutual trouble between them? Was it possible that Mr. Ithamar had found it past his strength to keep his secret longer, and in a moment of passion and weakness told Jocelyne he loved her?

Her eyes shone with lurid gleams among their beautiful blue shadows at the very thought, and, as with pleasant outward seeming she laughed and chatted in her most enchanting way, she was mentally resolving that such a thing, although it might occur, for that was beyond her power to restrain, still, Jocelyne Merle never

should come between her and the man she had sworn to love by fair means or foul.

Jocelyne was quieter than usual, and Mr. Ithamar noticed she ate very little, and that her eyes were heavy and drooping, but he said nothing at the time beyond a courteous inquiry after her health which she answered with her usual sweet, gracious smile.

After breakfast Mr. Ithamar retired to his library, his usual custom; Rose dressed for a walk in the park, hoping to banish the last traces of her nervous prostration, and Jocelyne went directly back to her room, where a bright, cheery fire was burning in the open grate, before which her maid had wheeled a low silken couch.

"You complained of being so chilly, Miss Jocelyne. Lie down, and I will throw the Afghan over you," said the girl, thoughtfulness, and obeyed, but she could not lie quietly. It seemed as though some restless fever possessed her, that made it equally impossible for her to repose physically or mentally. For an hour or more she alternately paced to and fro through the suit of rooms and endeavored to lie quietly on the couch. Then, when it seemed to her her nervous excitement was too keen to endure, she directed her maid to go to the library and ask Mr. Ithamar if he would come to her, that she would wait him, particularly, and at once.

The urgent message startled Mr. Ithamar, and he laid down his pen instantly.

"Miss Jocelyne is ill, I am sure. You had better tell Jonas to go for Dr. Payne, while I go upstairs."

The girl seemed reluctant to obey the hurried order.

"Please excuse me, sir, but I don't think Miss Jocelyne is sick, at least not now, not sick enough for a doctor. She seems in distress of mind, sir—and please don't tell her I said it, but she never went to her room at all last night."

Mr. Ithamar's face paled.

"Never went to her room at all! Pauline, what do you mean?"

"She was in the drawing-room, sitting in the big yellow chair until near daylight this morning, sir; I went softly in and out, to watch her, all night, but she didn't notice it, sir. And this morning, early, she came to her room, and hadn't been in bed but a few minutes when she fainted, and lay a long while in her room."

Mr. Ithamar's face blanched still more.

"And you never called me—you never alarmed the house! Pauline, how dared you?"

She looked earnestly at him.

"Indeed, sir, she is nothing, and Miss Jocelyne often has them. She's not as strong as one would think, sir."

"Not strong," his darling, his one ewe lamb that he would so love to carry in his breast forever! His stern lips quivered, and he turned his face away.

"Tell Miss Jocelyne I will go to her at once," he said, and almost by the time the message was delivered he was tapping at her door.

Jocelyne's low, sweet voice answered him promptly, making every nerve in his body quiver at the sound of it, and he went into her room, that was so sunny and warm and womanly in all its elegance of luxury.

Jocelyne had left the lounge, and was sitting in a low spring rocker beside the fire, looking so pitifully pale, with her big dark eyes looking at him with all the writhing she felt, her sweet mouth quivering with her woe.

Mr. Ithamar took a seat on the couch, alarmed at her appearance.

"Jocelyne, why, Jocelyne! Pauline said you were not ill, and you certainly are. I shall send for Dr. Payne at once!"

He arose to go to the dressing-room in search of Pauline, but Jocelyne reached out her hand restraining him.

"Don't, Guard! Really I am not sick—only troubled." Sit down, I have something to talk to you about."

She was speaking very gravely, and Mr. Ithamar saw the effort it took for her to restrain her emotion. He sat down again, and took her icy little hand.

"What is the matter, my little girl? You can tell me freely, you know. Consider me your elder brother, your father, if you will, to whom you would naturally look for sympathy and advice."

His grave, loving tones touched her very heart. Her lips quivered, her breast heaved, her eyes overflowed and she sobbed like a little child.

"Oh, Guard! Guard! I am afraid I never can tell you, after all! I am—am—ashamed! I can't tell you!"

Her words came in piteous means between her sobs and tears that convulsed her dainty frame, that made Mr. Ithamar's face pale with emotion, that made his strong, suffering heart throb fiercely. But, he controlled the surging feelings, and when he placed his arm affectionately around Jocelyne's shoulders, and drew her toward him, chair and all, and laid her dusky head against his own, she only recognized the infinite tenderness of the action.

"Now, Jocelyne, my dear little one, whatever is your trouble, I must know it; I will share it with you. Tell me, Jocelyne, at once."

His voice, though tender, was authoritative, and as he spoke, he lifted her pale, piteous face, with its tear-dimmed eyes, compelling her gaze.

"You will despise me; I can't, I can't, oh, Guard!"

She dropped her eyes, and a quick, burning flush suffused her face.

"You know I will never do that, dear. I am waiting, Jocelyne—has it anything to do with Mr. Richmond?"

She nodded swiftly, then her face paled again. He watched her with outward calmness and patience, but within—vague, suffocating sensations were rising.

A moment of silence followed that he broke.

"What has he said, or done, or left undone to grieve you thus?"

The direct question stabbed her to the heart as she realized all the shame that was hers in being obliged to confess herself rivaled in the affliction of her betrothed lover.

She suddenly sprang from her chair, walking across the room, wringing her fair hands.

"Guard! please don't ask me! It was wrong in me to send for you—I must not tell you. I cannot! You will never respect me again!"

"What could she mean? A sudden ecstasy sprung to Mr. Ithamar's eyes, and was irradiated over his grand, patient face.

"Jocelyne," he said, and his heart throbbed so that his voice quivered, "Jocelyne, can it be that you have consented to—to love him?"

His tones, his ardor compelled her glance. A crimson stain warmed the lily purity of her face for the one moment their eyes met. Her breath came a sudden, hurried tumult, then her eyes sunk in swift confusion.

"Oh, no," she answered, after a moment's pause, as though she feared a longer silence, and would have said anything to break it.

"Then, Jocelyne, if you love him, there is no trouble you cannot endure."

The glory faded sharply from his eyes, and the shadow from her drooping face, and a silence that was almost awful followed. Then, so suddenly that it startled him, Jocelyne stepped up to him, pale and forcibly composed.

"Guard! it is he who does not love me!"

Mr. Ithamar gazed at her in perfect bewilderment.

"Not love you—not love you, Jocelyne; I can not understand it."

"Neither can I," she returned, brokenly, in a pained, grave voice.

"—last night—and then I found this."

She did not raise her eyes as she handed him the letter Kenneth Richmond had dropped, but he saw the womanly shame and pain on her face as he took it, without a word, and read it through, while she stood before him, her lovely head drooped, her hands clasped at arm's length.

When he had finished he looked up at her.

"My poor little girl! Well, Jocelyne, and what shall you do?"

She looked at him with eager eyes.

"Guard, what shall I do? He—he—I could not—marry him when he loves—some one else."

"Guard!"

The hot tears came springing to her woful

eyes again, and he thought how she must love him!

What should he advise her? What was he to say that should not be tainted with prejudice, the prejudice of his own great passion for this girl? And as he thought, his anger and rage rose against the man who had dared with his jewels under such vile circumstances—who dared think of another woman while his troth was pledged to Jocelyne.

And Jocelyne saw the flush on his face, and the flash in his eyes, and the stern compression of his lips.

"You are not going to be angry with me for telling you, Guard, are you?"

She laid her hand impulsively on his arm.

"Angry with you, my—Jocelyne!" and he accompanied the words with a glance of reproach into the pleading, pitiful eyes.

"Never angry with you, little girl—I was fearing perhaps if I said just what I thought, you might be angry with me."

"Oh, no, indeed! I want you to tell me just what I ought to do, Guard, and I will obey you."

Tell her what she ought to do! And she would obey him! If he only dare tell her to forget Kenneth Richmond, and come to him for his very own love forever!

But, that was the prompting of selfishness, so Mr. Ithamar did not say it. Instead, he led Jocelyne gravely to a chair, and seated himself beside her.

"I promised to advise you to the best of my ability," he said, very gently, very kindly, "and I will tell you, frankly, that I am not surprised to read this letter, because I have always entertained strange misgivings regarding Mr. Richmond, which I hesitated not only to speak to you about knowing you loved him so, but to accept myself, because I really had no tangible reasonable excuse for my impressions. I have felt, rather than known, Jocelyne, that there was something in Mr. Richmond's character that was not in accord with the purity of your own."

I have been tormented with doubts and fears that you would some day be disappointed in him, but I tried for the sake of your love for him to regard these feelings as impossible chimeras, and had endeavored to satisfy myself that it was only my jealous care for your good that prompted them. I see now, my instincts were correct. Yet, Jocelyne, if you love him still, and you admitted that a few minutes ago—if you love him, your woman's heart will find excuse for this breach of fidelity, I suppose."

Jocelyne's eyes gazed steadily into the fire.

"I have always thought and felt that a true woman's love should remain steadfast and loyal under all circumstances—in tribulation, or in shame, in sorrow, or in happiness."

She said the words in a low, gentle voice that went straight to his heart.

"And you are a true woman, little girl! It remains for you to decide your own destiny."

He had arisen, and was standing before her, his face so eloquent with grave misery, when Pauline rapped lightly at the door.

"If you please, Miss Jocelyne, Mr. Richmond wishes you in the drawing-room immediately, if convenient."

Jocelyne glanced up in Mr. Ithamar's eyes, that smiled cheerfully, encouragingly in her pale, woful face.

He stooped and touched her chilly forehead with his lips, as he passed out.

"Be true to yourself, Jocelyne. Follow the dictates of your heart, and all will be well."

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

THE consternation of Kenneth Richmond upon discovering that he had lost the letter which he had prized himself no one would ever know he possessed, much less Jocelyne Merle, can well be imagined—better imagined than described.

He did not miss it from his pocket that night of his return from Westwood, but almost the first thing in the morning he made the discovery, to his horror, fear and chagrin.

His first impulse was to tell Saint, but a second thought of the sarcastic smile and quiet scorn he would have to endure hastily decided him to keep his own counsel.

His next decision was to pay no attention to it. He found the envelope safely enough in his pocket, and until he recalled the contents of the letter, word for word, with a memory sharpened by the peculiarity of the circumstances, he thought there was nothing to condemn him in the letter, as no names were used. But, in recalling sentence after sentence, he realized there was sufficient to brand him disloyal to this fair, peerless girl, whom he had never loved so well as at this time, when he feared she was lost to him.

Then he resolved to ride over to Westwood, with bold front, and ascertain how the land lay.

He could tell by Jocelyne's demeanor to him whether or not she had seen or knew of the letter, and if she had not, he was ready with a plausible invention that would make her deny the evidence it contained if it should come to her later, through a servant's hand.

His feelings were not particularly enviable as he rode over from Sunset Hill, but he kept stubbornly on, desperately resolved to make his very boldness conquer Fate, in case Jocelyne had seen the indubitable proof of his falsity.

He had given his horse to a groom, and sent up his message to Jocelyne and was standing impatiently by the window, in a fever of inward excitement, when he heard her light footfall crossing the room toward him.

He turned eagerly to greet her, but was petrified to speechlessness at sight of her wan face, in such vivid contrast to the fire in her dark eyes.

Her voice, sweet, gracious as usual, broke the embarrassment he was beginning to feel:

"Mr. Richmond, good-morning!"

And then, despite the sweetness, the graciousness, the well-bred courtesy of her tone and manner, he knew she knew the worst. The critical moment was at hand, and nothing remained but to do as he had desperately vowed he would do—put on a bold front and be governed by circumstances in his method of undoing the ill.

So, he went up to her, with outstretched hand, eagerly, yet with the appealing air of a man who is conscious of having given offense.

"Mr. Richmond!" Jocelyne, I was correct in my conjecture, then, that you were very angry with me. You are angry, or you never would meet me on my hurried errand for pardon with such a chilling address."

Jocelyne listened gravely, but he saw how the smoldering fires in her eyes were kindling.

"I am not at all angry, Mr. Richmond, but it is useless for me to say I was not very angry, if you mean on the strength of that letter I consider myself justified in breaking my engagement with you—that is what I intend you to understand. Do you suppose, for one moment, I would marry a man who was capable of the gross indelicacy and wickedness of professing affection for two women at once?"

Her dark eyes were shooting anger now, and the deadly pallor on her face was yielding to a warm flush, and as she spoke she slunk further away from him, as though he were an incarnate plague.

He looked at her, with his face darkening with wrath.

"I think I can trace the teacher in his pupil. You do your guardian credit, Jocelyne, in that







The seamen shrunk back, for they felt that they were in the presence of some one in authority, and with humble bows they hurried away.

"Well, Mesrak, how is it I find you here?" and Julian drew the slave into the light of a cafe window.

"Signor, I am here on my way back to Constantinople, and I owe you my life," humbly said the slave.

"Did my lieutenant give you the gold I promised?"

"He did, signor; he gave me gold in plenty, and my freedom, as you promised; but I was returning to Istanbul, and the vessel touched here and I left her; but they came ashore after me, and were dragging me again on board, where they would have robbed and killed me, had you, signor, not prevented."

"Why do you return to Istanbul, Mesrak?"

"My mother is there, signor—she is yet a slave. I would have her with me."

Julian was silent a moment, and then he said:

"We are also returning to Istanbul, Mesrak; we leave here on the first vessel that clears for the Bosphorus. You shall go with us, and be my slave for the present. Serve me well, and I will give you ten times the gold I have already given you—ay, and I will bring you and your mother safely from the land of the Turk."

"My life is in your hands, signor; I will serve you," earnestly responded Mesrak, who was greatly delighted at his escape from the sailors, and felt that he could freely trust Julian, as he had kept his word to him in giving him his freedom and a belt full of gold.

A further search discovered a comfortable-looking kahn, and the landlord was called up and quarters assigned to the travelers.

Two days in Mitylene and they took passage on a French schooner bound to Constantinople, and after a quick run the vessel dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, and Paul Malvern and Julian Delos found themselves once more in the busy metropolis of the Turks, where a price was upon their heads, and peril would confront them at every turn.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

## UNCLE NED'S DEFENSE.

My breddren an' sistahs, I rise foh to 'splain Dis matiah dat you's talkin about—I hopes to make it plain.

I's berry sorry dat de 'ting hab come befo' de chub ch.

Foh when I 'splain it you will see dat it am nuffin much.

My friends, your humble speakah, while trabblin' here below,

Hab nebbber oared to hoard gold an' silver foh to show.

We's only stoppin' here a spell; we all hab got to die.

An' so I always tries to lay my treasahs up on high.

Dar's just one 'ting dat pesters me, an' dat am dis, you see,

De ravens foh 'Lijah, but de critters won't feed me;

Dey's got above dar business, an' jest goes swoopin' 'round.

An' nebbber turns to look at me a waitin' on de groun'.

I waited mighty sartin like; my faith was pow'ful strong;

I reckoned dat me pesky birds would shuahly be along.

But, oh! my frienly hearahs, my faith it cotched a fall.

De aggravatin' fowls went by, an' nebbber stopped at all.

De meal an' flour was almos' gone, de pork bar' 'gittin' low.

An' so one day I 'cluded dat I had bettah go to Brodder Johnson's tater patch an' borrow jest a few.

'Twas evonin' 'fore I got to start, I had so much to do.

It happened dat de night was dark, but dat I didn't min'.

I knowed de way to dat ar patch, 'twas easy nuff to fin'.

An' den I didn't ear' to meet dat Johnson, for I knowed

Dat he would sass me 'bout de mess ob 'taters dat I owed.

I got de basket full at las', an' tuk 'em on my back, an' den was gwine to tote 'em home, when something went ker whack.

I 'tought it was a cannon, but it jest turned out to be

Dat Johnson's ole boss pistil a pointin' straight to me.

I tried to argify wid him; I 'ologized a heap.

But he said dat stealin' 'taters was mean as stealin' sheep.

Ob course I couldn't take dat ar, it had an ugly sound.

De only 'ting foh me to do was jest to knock him down.

My breddren an' sistahs, de story am all told (Of course I pounded Johnson till he yelled foh me to hold).

An' now I hopes you 'grees wid me dat dis yere case, an' such,

Am berry trifflin' matiah to fotech befo' de chub ch.

## Silver Sam;

### The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

##### THE BULLWHACKER RISES TO EXPLAIN.

NEVER was there a girl more astonished! Robert Peyton—Montana—the husband of Dianora Campbell! And he had been the lover of her sister, too! What was the meaning of this mystery?

No recent marriage, either, for the certificate was evidently old with age. Mercedes had not noticed the date, but it was clear to her that the marriage could not have transpired since the death of Juliet.

What manner of man, then, was this Montana—this Robert Peyton—for there was no doubt now that Montana was indeed Robert Peyton—to have two love affairs at the same time, and endeavor, too, now to secure her affections, knowing full well that his own wife was living?

Could it be possible that he was such a base villain?

He certainly did not show it in his face.

In utter perplexity Mercedes resumed her seat, her mind filled with vague and strange apprehensions.

The darker the clouds gathered about the head of Montana, the more she felt she loved him; it was a fatal passion: whither could it lead but to sin and shame?

Mercedes' meditations were rudely and abruptly interrupted, for the door opened suddenly and a frowny, unkempt head, surmounted by a tattered-up old silk hat, made its appearance.

"Skin me fur a buffler-robe of this hyer ain't the very idemical shanty?" and then into the shop walked the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian.

"Howdy? Reckon I see you, marm!" continued the giant, ducking his head in a sociable sort of way. "I specks you remember me; Bludsoe—Jimms Bludsoe, own cousin to the inginer of the Per-a-rie Belle, 'an' I'll keep her nozzel agin' the bunk till the last galoot's ashore!" That's me, marm, that's my platform to a ha'r. Never say die as long as thar's a mule left that kin shake a leg! Say, mebbe you remember me a-tradin' with you for some cigars t'other day?"

"Yes, sir, I remember it," and she remembered perfectly well, too, the letter which she had obtained from him.

"Wa-al, you little she-woman, you've got me into a heap of difficulty!" the giant gravely announced.

"Yes!"

"Durn my ole mule's left leg! of 'tain't so!" Mr. Bludsoe replied. "Mebbe you remember that I tried to git up a trade with you."

"Yes, sir, I believe so."

"An' you wouldn't have it; no idee of fun 'bout you women folk, anyway; but you can't help it; natur' fixed it; you ole fit fur is to cook slapjacks an' bile inions an' sich like."

Wa-al! as I were a-sayin', we traded—fur cash—solid basis, reg'lar ole hard time rocks, an' when I went fur to light my cheroot, I were a-gwine to use an ole letter, but you foteched me a reg'lar lighter instead."

"Yes, sir."

"Wa-al, now, marm, the question afore the meetin' is, w'as that air durned ole letter?"

"The letter—?" said Mercedes, slowly, reluctant to yield her prize.

"Yes, marm, that's the pint we're headin' fur! The fact of the matter is, thar's bin a heap o' row kicked up about that 'tarnal ole 'pistle. You see, marm, I was with a few of the boys, enjoyin' myself like a gent'l'man, in the Big Horn saloon, when I happened jes' by accident to show t'other ole letter. You must know, marm, I found these hyer two letters a-piece down on the per-a-rie; they war jes' a-lyin' on the sile, sayin' nothin' to nobody, an' I picked them up. The flaps of the envelopes war open—rain did it, they say now—durn me if I know, or care either. I thought that they had been heaved away by some pilgrim, an' I jes' stuck 'em in my pocket without thinkin'."

Wa-al, I slung one of 'em away in hyer t'other day, an' as I sed, I pulled t'other one out o' my pocket up inter the saloon, an' that little beast of a Paddywhacker—that air Faddy Pud, you know, the Irisher that pulls the reins over the express hack—durn the man vot drives horses when thar's good muel's able to kick a fly off'n their ears with their hind hoofs to be had! Wa-al! that little Irish galoot—I speak respectfully of him, 'kase I courted a Dublin gal onc't—me an' her split 'kase she sed her ha'r was auburn, when it was redder'n thunder, an' I couldn't go sich nonsense—wa-al, the mint he sed the letter, he jumped at me like a durned ole bullterrier, an' sed he, he sed, 'See hyer, hyes, this is the basto that robs the mail, bad 'cess to him, Silver Sam! As I sed afore, marm, I'm kinder partial to the Patlanders on account of that cook with the red ha'r, an' so I didn't kill the little cuss, but jest slung him playfully through the window—I calculate I'll owe ole Dick Skelly 'bout ten dollars fur that air glass that was smashed fur the next ten years, although I offered fur to go outside an' fight him like a man fur to see who should 'squer' the damage. Wa-al, the long an' the short of the matter is, that them air two letters were stolen outen the mail by this hyer Silver Sam, whoever he is, durned of I know! an' they swar that they'll hang me fur highway robbery if I don't bring them back."

Mercedes produced the letter very reluctantly; she was loth to part with it, although it would have puzzled her to have told what possible use it could be to her.

She believed that Montana had written the lines, although he had disguised his hand so that it was almost impossible to recognize it; but still it was just possible that he had not written the letter.

Then a bright idea occurred to the girl.

"The letter was torn in two so I pasted it together," she said. "It is only written on one side; it doesn't make any difference."

"Oh, no, in course not."

"It is written by a Mr. Jabez Smith," she observed, glancing at the signature as if she had noticed it for the first time. "Was the other letter so signed?"

"No, marm, that ole store-keeper cuss, Tommy Black writ it."

"And does Mr. Smith claim this letter?"

"Smith! who in thunder's he?"

"I don't know; don't you?"

"Smith, Smith!" muttered Bludsoe, reflectively. "Unkimmion name! reckon I don't know any Smith in Deadwood."

"And who claims the letter, then?"

"Why, the ole post-office galoot, Tommy Black."

"And what right has he to another man's letter?" Mercedes questioned. "You see, the envelope is destroyed. If I were you I should not give the letter up except to Mr. Smith in person."

"Wa-al, now, that is kinder hoss-sense, isn't it?" remarked the bullwhacker, musingly.

"Let Mr. Smith—there is his name plainly signed Jabez Z. Smith—let him come forward and claim his letter."

"Ke-rect, by thunder! an' when he does come, by Cain, he'll have to treat or fight! Durn my wagon-tops of I'm gwine to tote any man's letters round in my pockets for nothin'! I ain't a post-office, nor an express-hack, by a jugful! Ef it hadn't 'a' bin fur that red-haired gal I'd ed that Paddywhack fur sartin' me, though he smells strong enuff of whiskey fur to answer fur a sign fur any distillery in the hull durned Illinois country. Wa-al, marm, I'm much obliged to you," and the bullwhacker opened the door to depart, when a sudden thought occurred to him. "Say, of this hyer Smith stands the drinks I'll do what I kin fur you, seein' that you can't ring in; I'll come back an' toss up with you fur the biggest hunk of tobacco that you've got in the hull durned shanty."

And then the giant proceeded direct to the post-office.

Quite a little crowd were congregated in the store, it being the general lounging place of the town during the day.

In marched the bullwhacker, the letter in his hand.

"Hyar I am, an' hyer's the 'pistle! Now, trot out Mister Jabez Z. Smith, an' lemme get a look at the amille!"

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

##### WHO IS SMITH?

"Yes, sir, now I'm talkin'! You hear me, pilgrims! Bludsoe an' I, the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian, the long-horned, tough-wheeled, cavortin', mountain sheep of the ole mountain range, basel! What is Smith—Jabez is the fore-front of his name, an' Z is the mule-chain that 'jines the two together!" cried the Pot of the Niobrara, vociferously.

The miners congregated in the post-office looked at each other; the name was not familiar to them.

"Smith," said one, reflectively.

"Smith!" quoth old General Baltimore Bowie, who chanced to be present; "strange cognomen! Have we a Smith among us, fellow-citizens?"

"Heaps of 'em!" answered another free and independent voter.

"The woods air full of 'em!" suggested a third.

"But Jabez Z., that's the man I hunger for!" roared the bullwhacker, boisterously.

"I don't know of any such man in the town," the postmaster remarked. "The best thing for you to do is to seal the letter up, address it to Mr. Smith, and put it in the post-office here; then he will be sure to get it."

"Oh, no, I guess not!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, winking mysteriously at the crowd. "This hyer letter is valuable, now, I tell yer! I kin read, I kin, I reckon that I didn't go to school fur nothin' onc't! I was a member of the first society way back in ole Kentucky, now, I'm a tellin' you. I driv' the stage from Maysville to Paris fur years when I was nothin' but a kid. Oh, I was one of the sports. You jes' ask round Mount Sterling or the Blue Licks; I reckon that you'll hear a heap 'bout a gent'l'man 'bout my size—a feller w'ot looks like me."

"You had better leave the letter with me," Black again suggested, "or you may get into trouble. This Mr. Smith won't like to have you show his private letter all over town."

"Get inter trouble!" howled the bullwhacker, now fairly beside himself with delight. "Why, you ole lead-mule of the post-office team, you 'call' me—you 'call' me an' I slaps down a 'full hand,' an' that's the kind of man I am! Get inter trouble! Why, that's my platform. What is this hyer Smith? trot him out, an' if he says two words to me 'bout his durned ole letter skin me fur raw-hides of I don't make him eat it; yes, you bet! chew it, too, as he liked it! That's the kind of a crowd-ba' I am! Say! will somebody in the crowd jes' have the kindness to bile my left ear, or throw a dol of tooth-powder in my right eye, or pull the left-hand lock on the thumb-hand side of my head! Oh, I'm jes' spilin' fur some fun! What is Smith, or anybody that looks like Smith, durned of I—"

"Hallo! here comes Montana!" cried a wag near the door.

"Wa-al, gents, I guess you'll have to excuse me," ejaculated the giant, suddenly, and backing toward the rear door as he spoke. "I can't be with you always, you know. I've got to meet a note fur seventeen thousand dollars at twelve. Ta, ta; see you agin, so-long!" And then the boasting bullwhacker vanished through the rear door of the store just as the miner entered the front-pore.

Naturally there was a burst of laughter at the expense of the retreating blusterer, and the miner, entering in the midst of the merriment, inquired the cause.

"The story of the mysterious letter which Bludsoe had pronounced to be of such value was told to him, but he, knowing the character of the Shian pet so well, merely laughed and remarked that he "reckoned" that the writer of the letter, whoever he might be, wouldn't worry much about it.

All that day the Pet of the Niobrara pranced from one saloon to another, displaying the letter in each and every place; inquired loudly for one Jabez Smith, and hinted mysteriously of the important contents of the "pistle," as he generally termed it.

But no Jabez Z. Smith stepped forward to claim his letter up to the time that evening shades fell upon the "magic city." Not only that, but no one in the town had ever heard of any man bearing such an appellation, although as one loud-spoken miner had remarked: the shades below were full of Smiths, and a good many more could be spared and wouldn't be missed from this breaking world.

From nightfall until about nine o'clock the bullwhacker's tall form was missed from the classic shades of the Deadwood shanties, but, right after that time, he suddenly appeared as large as life and twice as natural, as he would have expressed it.

He had been lying off in French Kate's shebang, one of the vilest haunts in the town, saloon and dance-house combined.

The bullwhacker's capacity for liquor was something to be wondered at, but that afternoon he had succeeded in overtaking his strength, and, overcome by the potent fumes of the fragrant "bug-juice," he had gone fast to sleep in a chair in French Kate's place, and had remained there undisturbed, for the "Madame," as Kate was usually called, rather admired the sublime impudence of the mule-driver, and as trade was slack and the room not needed, she had allowed him to remain in peace.

From French Kate's Bludsoe had started straight for Johnny's shebang, which, as the reader will probably remember—if he has allowed so unimportant a fact to remain within his recollection—was situated right on the outskirts of the town.

The night was dark, the moon not yet being fairly up, and just before coming to the den of evil repute the way ran through some scrub pines. A more lonely spot could not have been found for miles around, and yet it was within a few hundred yards of the town.

Bludsoe's head was not as clear as it might have been, and his walk was decidedly unsteady as he entered the little clump of pines.

"Durn my lead mule's right-hand tail!" he exclaimed, as he caught his toe against a good-sized bowlder and tumbled over it; "it's as cussed dark as three black cats up a blind alley chased by the Jack o' spades!"

And then, suddenly, from behind one of the scrubby pines stepped a tall, dark form.

The straggling rays of the feeble moonlight, struggling through the dark clouds overhead, gleamed fitfully upon the shining tube of a revolver, glistening in the stranger's hand, and leveled full at the breast of the bullwhacker.

"Throw up your hands, pilgrim, or thar'll be one more driver less in Deadwood in a minute!" cried a hoarse voice.

Bludsoe recognized the situation at once.

"I pass, stranger; put light on that air trigger, fur durn me if I want to start a graveyard hyer!" the bullwhacker cried.

And Mr. Bludsoe elevated his hands with a gentle grace that was really charming.

"How are you fixed?" inquired the road-agent, thus evincing a solicitude in regard to the financial condition of the man-from-Shian, that was truly delightful, considering that the questioner was an entire stranger.

"Broke," responded Bludsoe, tersely.

"Is that so?"

"Fact! if mines were sellin' fur ten dollars apiece I ain't got dust enuff to buy a smell."

"Any other valuables?"

"Six-shooters."

"Don't want 'em; they'll do for you to raise a stake on to get out of town."

"Wa-al, I'm much obliged!" exclaimed Bludsoe, touched by this delicate consideration.

"Didn't I hear somethin' 'bout some valuable document—a letter or sich like that you were a-cavortin' round town to-day, or was I a-dreamin'?" remarked the "gentleman of the night."

"Oh!" cried Bludsoe, struck with a sudden idea, "mebbe you're Mister Jabez Z. Smith?"

"I reckon I'll answer fur him; so hand it over."

Vainly the giant searched his pockets; no letter could be find.

"Lost it!" asked the disguised man.

"Durn it, no!" Bludsoe cried. "I had it when I went to sleep. Somebody's a-bin a-goin' through me!"

"What did you go to sleep?"

"In French Kate's; durn her ole green, cat eyes! she's leaved on that air letter!"

"It's all right; I'll call on her myself, so-long! Jest oblige me by turnin' your back for a few minutes."

"Hol' on! who air you?"

"Silver Sam! so-long!"

And then the road-agent vanished amid the pines, leaving Bludsoe to swear at his evil fortune.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

## Base-Ball.

### THE CAMPAIGN OF 1877.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE series of contests for the championship this season promises to be an exceptional one, for the reason that the six clubs of the League Association, which alone enter the lists for the League pennant, find in the League Alliance and International Association nines, rivals fully able to cope successfully with the strongest of their own teams.

Hitherto the League clubs have had no competitors outside the regular organization able to oppose them with any success, except on rare occasions; but this year the case is different, the "outside" club nines—as those clubs not in the League Association are called—having during the first month of the season actually borne off the palm: Up to the close of April the Indianapolis club, the Allegheny and the Stars of Syracuse, rivaled the strongest of the League nines in their splendid work in the field, as the appended record shows:

April 3, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis 1 6

" 21, Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Indianapolis 2 1

" 23, Allegheny vs. Louisville, at Allegheny City 3 1

" 2, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Allegheny City 5 3

March 22, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis 6 4

April 23, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati 8 1

" 30, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati 9 4

In return the St. Louis club defeated the Indianapolis but once out of four games, and the Louisville beat them once only. This successful rivalry with the clubs of the League which had assumed to themselves such superiority in the professional arena, has of course greatly added to the interest of the season's play, inasmuch as instead of there being but six clubs to contest for the United States championship as the League Association claims, there are actually over a dozen competitors.

Another feature of the season's play is the remarkable number of single-figure games not exceeding five runs on the winning side, which have marked the contests of March and April.

The record of model games for the opening months of the season of 1877 is an unprecedented one, as will be seen by the appended table of single-figure games, played during March and April, up to the 23d of April inclusive:

March 19, Indianapolis vs. Memphis at Memphis 5 3

" 21, St. Louis vs. Indianapolis, at St. Louis 6 8

" 22, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis 6 4

" 16, Indianapolis vs. Robert E. Lee, at New Orleans 8 0

" 23, St. Louis vs. West End, at St. Louis 9 1

" 23, Indianapolis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 9 3

" 18, Memphis vs. Indianapolis, at Memphis 9 8

April 3, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Indianapolis 1 0

" 30, Hartford vs. Boston, at Brooklyn (11 innings) 1 1

" 9, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 2 0

" 13, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 2 0

" 20, Allegheny vs. Buckeye, at Allegheny 2 0

" 21, Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Indianapolis 2 1

" 20, Indianapolis vs. Star (of Syracuse), at Indianapolis 3 0

" 23, Allegheny vs. Star (of Syracuse), at Allegheny City (10 innings) 3 2

" 14, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 4 0



## PODDLE'S WIFE ON A NEW HAT.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Why, Mr. Poddle, 'pon my word, must I believe my eyes?  
You're gone and got another hat. I'm struck dumb with surprise!  
I'm just too much astonished, sir, to speak a single word.  
Such terrible extravagance I'm sure I never heard.  
Another hat! The one you had was hardly three years old!  
As if you owned the Black Hills there and had a mine of gold.  
While I economize and work and struggle all the while.  
And have to wear a bonnet that's two weeks behind the style.  
And it's so out of season that when last I took a walk  
It gave me such an awful cold that I can hardly talk;  
And that's the way I've got to go, while you can put on airs,  
And gaily sport a stilet hat that even no rich man wears.  
I tell you, Poddle, this won't do; a pretty pass has come;  
You could have worn that other hat and saved that monstrous sum;  
For it was plenty good enough for one as poor as you.  
And there's no use of wasting words; you know I never do.  
I need a thousand things to wear, and half I can't get.  
You'll drive me clearly out of my head so much you make me fret.  
Your suit, I see, don't match the hat, and next thing you will go  
And get a new one out and out; now see if this ain't so!  
If I was not the patient wife that I have always been,  
You would get hauled across the coals week out, sir, and week in.  
And goodness knows it won't be long, if you go on this way.  
That I'll begin to murmur some, and tell what I've to say.  
Great shakes! a seven dollar hat! Now, Poddle, this won't do;  
You'll make—well, only cost you one—she did hat made up new?  
I really had a mind to scold, though I refrained, you see.  
It only cost a dollar, dear! Well, give the six to me!

## Cavalry Custer, From West Point to the Big Horn; OR, THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ  
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

THE Grand Duke Alexis was on his way out West when Sheridan telegraphed Custer to come to Fort Riley. The young prince had been in New York a few weeks before, thence to Niagara Falls, then all the way to San Francisco on the Pacific Railroad, which was now open from end to end. The running of that road had cleared the plains of the Indians, and there was no more danger in those places where Custer had followed after the Cheyennes, only three years before. Buffalo were much scarcer, however, which was a disadvantage for sport, as much as the absence of Indians was an advantage for safety.

Custer got into the train and was whirled away to the West, arriving in due time at Fort Riley, where the Grand Duke had already made his appearance. The famous scout, Cody, who is so familiar to the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, was also there, Buffalo Bill himself in person, and a splendid hunting-party was speedily organized, with a band of music and everything to suit. At least a hundred Indian scouts had been engaged, who roamed far and wide over the plains, marking down herds of buffalo and driving them toward the fort, so as to make game seem plentiful. It was all very well for common folks to have trouble in finding game, but every one was determined that the Grand Duke should find plenty.

The appointed morning came, and Alexis rode out with Custer to the hunting-grounds. The Grand Duke was in a splendid-looking fellow, six feet high, broad and strong, with a pleasant face, always friendly. He wore a jacket and trousers of strong gray cloth, high boots and a fur cap, and carried one handsome revolver. His horse was of course a splendid animal, the best money could buy or hire.

Custer wore his well-known frontier dress, with its fringed cape and sleeves, while his long curls flowed down over his shoulders. He carried the new Springfield carbine, just then introduced in the army, and his piece had been altered into a sporting rifle by a gunsmith, making it a very handsome weapon. He had brought on from Louisville a new horse, a perfect thoroughbred; and no doubt Alexis thought that if all the American generals were like Custer, they were a handsome set of fellows.

As they got near the hunting-ground down came Buffalo Bill, full speed, to meet them. Cody was splendidly dressed, in the same gayly-ornamented buck-skin suit that he afterward used in the "Scouts of the Prairie," on the stage. Of course it was not his working dress, but Alexis never knew the difference, and he was delighted with these handsome costumes all round him. Then the Indian scouts, who had been driving buffalo, came up in new blankets, and all gay with feathers. They reported buffalo over the next hill.

It is needless to describe this hunt any further, for all buffalo-hunts are much the same, and this was no exception.

The Grand Duke turned out to be a good rider and shot, and killed his buffalo like a good fellow. Custer shot two, and Buffalo Bill, with his peculiar knack, finished five in as many shots. Long practice had shown him just where to aim to kill every time.

The Grand Duke spent several days buffalo-hunting, and accumulated quite a little store of trophies, and he was so much delighted with Custer's frank courtesy of manner, that when the hunt was over, he invited the general to come with him on the rest of his trip through the United States, first going back with him to Louisville, where they met Mrs. Custer, whose quiet, ladylike demeanor pleased the prince as well as the gallant looks of the general. Custer received permission from headquarters to accept the invitation, and Mrs. Custer joined the party, which made quite an extended tour of all the Southern States, ending at New Orleans, where a Russian frigate waited for Alexis.

So there was our poor farmer's boy, the son of the village blacksmith at New Rumley, traveling about the United States on terms of equality with the heir of the greatest empire in the world, his little wife holding her own among the prince and nobles, as if she had been born to a throne. It was a sight peculiar to America, and hardly possible anywhere else.

The Alexis trip over, Custer returned to

Louisville, and wore through the next year of idleness as well as he could. In the early spring of 1873, to his great joy, the Seventh Cavalry was once more ordered to the plains, and himself with it.

The occasion was this: it had been determined, since the Pacific Railroad had succeeded so well, having pacified all the Indians to its south, that another road, through the more northerly territories, should be run. This determination proved, in the end, very disastrous, inasmuch as the new line ran through the territories of the Sioux, and the Sioux were the only Indians that had so far almost always had the best of the government in battle.

However, it was settled that the road should be surveyed, and a military escort, consisting of the 22d infantry and 7th cavalry, and General Stanley, with Custer second in command, was ordered to accompany the surveyor's party.

Custer concentrated his regiment at Memphis, the companies coming in from all round the States where they had been scattered, all very glad to get there. They took back up the Mississippi and Missouri to St. Paul, where they landed, marching then overland, up the Missouri, to the village of Bismark, in Dakota. Opposite to Bismark, where the Northern Pacific road then terminated, was Fort Abraham Lincoln, where the expedition was to concentrate in May. It was now the beginning of April, but the winter was not yet over in those high latitudes, for the column was overtaken at Yankton Agency by a tremendous snowstorm, which nearly froze them all, and left a yard of snow on the ground. Several ladies were with the column, including Mrs. Custer, who always marched at the head of the troops when she was allowed, and these ladies had a hard time in the snow. However, it proved to be the last storm of the season, for a few days after warm weather set in, and by the time they reached Fort Lincoln, not a trace of white was on the ground.

Here, to their great disappointment, the ladies found that all their ride had been in vain, for the baggage was ordered back, and the regiment received directions for speedy service in the field with the Stanley Expedition, to the Yellowstone River.

The ladies, very reluctantly, had to take the cars at Bismark, and Mrs. Custer returned to Monroe. Custer and the Seventh soon started with the Stanley column. Here a strange meeting occurred between Custer and an old friend and enemy of his, General Rosser, late of the Southern army. After the surrender of Lee, poor Rosser, like many another brave fellow who fought on the losing side, in the Civil War, found himself out of place, with no way to make a living except by beginning life afresh. Having been through West Point in the same class with Custer, he was a good engineer, so he made his way up to Minnesota, and worked his way up to be chief engineer. Now, therefore, it happened that he and Custer, who had not met each other since the surrender at Appomattox, came together two thousand miles away, and eight years later, as friends and comrades.

As you can fancy, they had many a pleasant talk over their old battles, explaining movements to each other. These eight years and his own success had taken away all the bitterness of past defeats from Rosser, and he and Custer became very close friends, ever after.

The column started from Fort Lincoln in the spring as soon as the grass was well up, and proceeded due west toward the Yellowstone River on the line where the railroad was projected. Their early progress was quite rapid, the plains being quite smooth till they came to the line of the Little Missouri, beyond which the "bad lands" commenced. These bad lands are horrible places, seamed with broad deep fissures, almost impassable for wagons, and frequently delayed them so that the train would only make five miles a day. The distance from the Little Missouri to the Yellowstone was less than two hundred miles, but the ways were so difficult that it was not till July that the great river was reached. Then Custer proposed to General Stanley that he, Custer, should go ahead every day with two or three companies of cavalry, pick out a good road, and leave a broad trail for the wagons to follow. General Stanley was only too glad to assent to this arrangement, which soon brought Custer into quite a handsome fight.

In the early part of the journey no Indians had been seen, and even on the Yellowstone it was some time before any indications of their presence were met. As it turned out, however, the column was being watched all the time, and by no less a person than the now celebrated chief, Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull was and still is the most daring and implacable of all the Indians of the Northwest. When the whole Sioux nation made peace with the whites, when Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, with all their braves, had come in and settled on the agencies, Sitting Bull alone held out. With a little band, sometimes of less than a hundred warriors, he remained out in the deserts round the Yellowstone, proud of his independence, and secure, as he thought, from the power of the government. As long as the Yellowstone country was not wanted, Sitting Bull was left alone in his story, but the coming of the Stanley column showed him that he must fight if he hoped to drive out the whites. All the summer, while Stanley's great train of wagons was slowly creeping along the plains, Indians had been seen passing to and fro between Sitting Bull's little band and the different tribes on the agencies of the Missouri River. Here the Indians used to get guns and cartridges, ostensibly to hunt, while they slipped off, one or two at a time, really to join Sitting Bull.

Therefore, there was very little to wonder at, when Custer, one fine morning, while reposing his little squadron of about ninety men, some ten miles ahead of the main column, was suddenly attacked by Sitting Bull, with at least three hundred warriors, who drove the soldiers to the bank of the river, and besieged them there for several hours.

They could not budge Custer and the Seventh, however.

As usual, the soldiers fought on foot, sending their horses into shelter, and, as usual, the Indians wasted their time "circling," throwing away ammunition, when their first charge had been repulsed.

How long Custer might have held out, as he was situated, is uncertain, but the timely arrival of two squadrons of the Seventh extricated him from his dilemma. The way these came to be sent up was in consequence of Indian carelessness.

It seemed that, beside the main party attacking Custer, there were main bands of Indians roaming about, one of them led by a smooth-faced, smiling dare-devil of a Sioux, named Rain-in-the-Face. This scamp happened to come on two peaceable quiet old men, who belonged to the main column, but who had fallen into the habit of roaming away to collect curiosities, of which the Yellowstone country is

full. Rain-in-the-Face came on these two old men, Dr. Hozzinger and Mr. Baleran, and killed them both, leaving their bodies so that the advance of the column found them. He also killed a stranger of the Seventh, named Ball, at a spring.

The finding of these bodies of course made General Stanley very anxious about Custer's detachment, and he at once sent off the rest of the Seventh to help their leader. The new force had not arrived within three miles when the wary Indians spied it, and began to draw off. Custer, with the quick decision natural to him, divined the presence of his friends, and determined to give his enemies a lesson.

Not waiting for the reinforcement he mounted his men, charged Sitting Bull, and drove him helter-skelter for nearly ten miles before he stopped, then came slowly back to camp, with the loss of only two men wounded. This was his first Indian fight since 1869, and ended in a triumph won against tremendous odds. Only a few days afterward down came Sitting Bull again, this time on the main expedition, with a much larger force. It was computed at the time that there were at least fifteen hundred Indians in sight, so many allies had joined Sitting Bull.

This time, however, the chief did not get off so easily. He had not calculated on the presence of a battery of small rifle-cannon which was in the train, carefully hidden.

Custer was given the main management of this fight, and encouraged the Indians to come on by throwing out a small force at first. No sooner were the Indians fairly in sight, clustered in crowds out of carbine-shot, than the artillery pitched a few shells into them, and sent them flying, completely demoralized.

After that the expedition had no more trouble from Sitting Bull, except small annoyances. At the end of the summer it broke up, having returned to Fort Lincoln.

Custer was ordered to take post till further directions at Fort Rice, Dakota, twenty miles from Lincoln.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

## ELEANORE.

BY W. A. S.

Thou comest as in the days of yore,  
With loving smile and fond embrace,  
And looking from the earnest face,  
I find thee still my Eleanore.  
The past has been so sad and lone,  
My heart throbbeth heavily through tears;  
I did not dream the coming years  
Would bring thee thus into my view.  
And now, although the trees are bare,  
And the far hills are cold and brown,  
Though snowflakes flutter slowly down,  
A summer radiance fills the air.  
My heart has burst its chains of ice;  
It throbs and swells with transport fine;  
I drink rich draughts of love's rich wine,  
And all my being doth rejoice!

## Saved to Curse.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"HANDSOME! Yes, as a god. Rich! To embarrassment, they say. His name! Clive Pemberton. Reputation! —"

A forcible shrug of the shoulders took the place of the words for which John Silverbridge was waiting; a shrug of the shoulders that told, as plainly as words could have told, that Clive Pemberton's reputation was not *sans reproche*.

John Silverbridge and the friend who had spoken, stood beside the sandy stretch of seashore, a little apart from a group of roughly-clad fishermen, looking down on the unconscious face and figure of a man lying there, drenched and chilled, whom John Silverbridge had, at risk of his own life, saved from drowning, not five minutes before, and who, with his savior, only awaited the coming of a cart to carry them to warmth and comfort.

"It was a tight struggle, Silverbridge. Once, I thought you were both done for."

"How handsome he is! I never saw a more perfect face. And by his clothing and jewelry I should say he was wealthy, and yet how little his riches would have availed! He is a stranger to me. Do you know him, or of him?"

Then the friend, an elderly, weather-beaten, grave-faced man had answered in the words quoted.

John Silverbridge listened and saw the expressive French features.

"Pemberton! Not young Pemberton of March Place—not the godless young heir to the millions his father so lately left? Not that Clive Pemberton?"

"The one. Yonder is the cart and hot blankets. Where shall we take him? Unless he gets vigorous assistance soon all your efforts will have proved unavailing. He barely breathes."

John Silverbridge hesitated only one second before he gave the answer to the teamster at the horse's head.

"To my house, as fast as you can get over the ground."

Then he turned to shake hands with his friend.

"For one second I felt afraid to take Clive Pemberton to my house—my Ethel is so fair and so gracious, and so romantic. But you will agree I have only acted humanely?"

"I dare not say. But this I know, I never yet have known old prophecy to fail—that whoever one rescues from death by drowning, is bound to work the deepest misery against his preserver that tongue can name. I may be superstitious, Silverbridge, but I am as sure as that I am alive and warning you, that Clive Pemberton will turn your life into a blight."

Silverbridge smiled, as the cart drove on.

"You are no less fanciful as you grow older, I see. Come see us when you can."

And so they parted, and John Silverbridge took Clive Pemberton home to his sister Ethel, "so fair, so gracious, so romantic."

She was certainly an exquisitely beautiful girl, and hours afterward, when Clive Pemberton suddenly opened his eyes out of a reviving sleep, which exhaustion and the comfort of the warm, soft nest into which John Silverbridge's housekeeper had put him, had induced, it seemed to him that the graceful, statuesque girl sitting in the shadows of the darkened room, with a faint roseate gleam of fire-glow on her face and hair, was less human than angelic.

He lay very quietly for some time, watching her; noting the perfect pose of her form, the gentle curves, the tender grace of it; noting the out of the features that were pure as a Greek statue; noting the jetty blackness and luster of the heavy circle of hair that crowned her like a royal diadem, the silky lowliness of the straight brows and heavy, long lashes, that lay on her marble fair cheeks, at her beautiful mouth, red as wet coral, not too small, and yet suggesting the daintiest of rosebuds.

He watched her—a feeling of intensest admiration growing upon him as the natural bewilderment of his situation passed away, and he remembered the sudden capering of the rowboat he had, foolhardily, ventured out in, and he realized he had been saved and was in the hands of those who had cared for him.

Then, an irresistible desire to see the eyes of such a beautiful girl possessed him; and, as Clive Pemberton was a man who never had yet an undesired wish, he forthwith made up his mind to see the eyes; and so, he gave a faint sigh, as if just returning to wakefulness.

And instantly Ethel was on her feet beside the couch where he was lying, her midnight dark eyes looking eagerly, anxiously into his beautiful dark-violet ones.

"You are better? How thankful I am! Please do not attempt to speak—I will send Mrs. Darron to you at once."

And the quick, sweet tones in a pure, clear contralto, the smile so frank, so twitching, that accompanied it, made Clive Pemberton swear this girl was the fairest he ever had seen, and that he would make her smile again upon him—Clive Pemberton, whose reputation as a heartless flirt had gone forth far and near, who had played with, only to destroy, more women's hearts than he could count!

That was the beginning. After that, Clive Pemberton came often to the Silverbridges, and Ethel's pure white cheeks learned to flush to the tint of an oleander at sight of him, with his splendid blonde beauty, his magnetic violet eyes that were not long in looking the most ardent love in hers. And Ethel's brother saw it—grave, staid John, who had saved Clive Pemberton's life, and who had smiled, almost laughed, when his friend repeated the superstitious legend.

"And why should they not love each other?" he asked himself hourly. "If I was afraid at the first, it was because I feared my Ethel might love him unsolicited. But when he loves her so, when I can read it in his face, his eyes, his manner—why should I not rejoice that such a fair prospect opens to my one little sister? Should I, who so soon will bring my one special darling home to be my wife, I, who know what it is to love with all my soul, refuse to sanction their affection only because a few weeks later, when the first spring breezes began to blow warmly, Clive Pemberton came to him and asked him for Ethel to be his wife; and he gave him his cordial consent, and of all people in the world, Ethel Silverbridge was the happiest."

"I cannot understand it," she would say to her lover, when his arms were around her, and his blue eyes looking love into hers. "Why should you love me, Clive, when you have known so many lovely women in the society you frequent? Why have you passed them all by, to come to such a one as I? Oh, Clive, love, love, can I ever let you know how much you are to me, my king, my god, my own darling?"

And he would smile in her rapt eyes and tell her she underestimated herself, and very far overrated him.

But he liked to hear her talk so, he enjoyed the honest flattery she poured out like an oblation upon him, and he knew that what she said was true—it was somewhat strange that he, who had been the pet and darling of the circle in which he moved, should have become so desperately infatuated with this girl who had neither a great name or money or anything but her sweet self to give him.

The engagement was to be kept secret for awhile at Ethel's own suggestion, until, she explained, John's bride should have come, and John's wedding was a thing of the past. Then the preparation for John's home-coming began, and from morning till night, it seemed as if the name of the fair young bride-elect was on Ethel's tongue.

"I will confess you have made me positively curious, Ethel, about this wonderful 'Elsie' of your brother's. Have you no picture of her to show a fellow? Perfection will surely be at it in the shade beside her charms."

Ethel laughed at her lover's speech.

"We have no photograph, Clive—and really Elsie is not so pretty after all. It is her way that slays people."

"Do you think she will slay me, Ethel, in common with other people?"

"Clive! How wicked! Why, she'll be John's wife when you see her."

Clive laughed at Ethel's look of holy horror.

"And does my little girl expect never to charm any one again after she is my wife?"

She looked solemnly, almost, in his handsome face—oh, so handsome that his heart throbbed with rapturous pride.

"I never want to even be admired when I am your wife, dear, only by you."

To this fair, gracious, loving girl, those days were the happiest days of her life. It seemed that until now she never had lived, that, until now, the sun never had shone. She made her first quiet preparations for her marriage with a heart almost too light for endurance, and every heart-throb was a silent prayer of thanksgiving that Heaven had meted out to her such a measure of almost more than human happiness.

John's wedding-day came in due time; and then the bride came home, the only girl of all women on the face of God's earth who had ever quickened his heart-beats—the only girl he ever had imagined, even for his wife; and he had poured out upon her just such idolatrous worship, placed in her just such beautiful faith as his sister Ethel gave to Clive Pemberton. Only, in John Silverbridge's case, there was the difference of years and years in their ages—he, a grave, retired, proud man of near fifty than forty, and Elsie a bonny girl of only nineteen.

She had always loved him, she thought, from the time, years and years ago, when Mr. Silverbridge, a man then, had ridden her on his shoulder, and permitted her to rifle his pockets for *bon-bons*. She had always been taught that John Silverbridge was superior to other men, when somewhat to her surprise, and very much to her proud delight, he asked her to be his wife, Elsie Grey thought no girl in all the world so honored, so blessed as she.

She was in all the first flush of her half-girlish, half-womanly triumph as John Silverbridge's wife, when Clive Pemberton was introduced to her by Ethel; and for one moment there was on his face such an expression of perfect astonishment and admiration that he almost forgot his perpetual grace of manner.

She had come upon him like a revelation. She was unlike any woman he had ever seen, set laws of lines and curves and features, but her freshness, her joyousness, her half-boy, half-proud sweetness of manner, her infectious delightedness—the strange, subtle sense of presence she created, the nameless, exquisite charm that hung about her like some invisible, super-delicate cloud of faint perfume—it all combined to affect Clive Pemberton with sensations he had never before experienced, and

that he had no desire to analyze, but accepted and enjoyed, as he unscrupulously accepted and enjoyed the goods lavish gods had ever showered upon him.

"Why should I fly from the presence of a woman who charms and fascinates me, beyond the power even of my betrothed to charm and fascinate, for the nonsensical reason that she is married? Will I not be in her society, more or less, as Ethel's husband, so long as we both live?"

And he acted up to the very spirit of his self-imposed law. He was in her society much and often—never markedly alone, or markedly at all. Mr. Silverbridge was with them often, and Ethel always, and the two fair women petted him and caressed him with pride and delight, and Elsie would tell her new sister what a prize her lover was, what a happy girl she ought to be.

For a while she told Ethel that, with her sunny brown eyes all alight. For a while she was like incarnate music and warmth and light in her husband's home, where she was idol, queen and darling; and then, gradually, there came over her times of most depressing gloom, alternated with outbursts of almost tropical tenderness toward her husband; there came times when for days she would go about her beautiful home, pale and sad-eyed, quiet and wearily; then again her gay laugh, her un-naturally bright eyes, her crimson-glowing cheeks, would attract attention.

And John Silverbridge never knew the why or the wherefore of it all. And bonny Ethel never knew, until—

The blow came like a thunderbolt from a clear blue sky. Swift as lightning, with unerring aim that struck its fatal dart, and crushed two hearts into hopelessly despairing agony that will never be eased while those hearts beat.

There was no preparatory sign—no premonition, even of the faintest.

All at once—one calm, perfect June dusk, when Ethel was dressed in her fairest and best, waiting for Clive Pemberton to call for her according to agreement made in the morning, which had been spent as usual by the entire little circle; when the dainty seven-o'clock dinner was beneath its silver covers on the table, and John Silverbridge was growing just a wee bit impatient that Elsie had outstayed her time on her errand to the village, whither she had driven two hours before in her pony phaeton; when all the events of life were quietly transpiring as usual, the lightning stroke came—a sealed letter left by a messenger, addressed to John Silverbridge, and it read, in hastily-penned lines:

"If you can help it, don't curse us. Elsie loves me, and I have worshiped her from the first. We are going together; we do not yet know where. Tell Ethel all; God help her." C. P.

And the shadow of rayless darkness settled for all time on the pitifully-blasted home, and never does any hour of the day pass that John Silverbridge does not recall the superstition he smiled incredulously at. He is a bowed, white-haired man, who seldom talks—even to the blanched-faced, pitiful-eyed woman, who lives on, with a broken heart. And of Elsie and Pemberton? God be merciful to them!

## Beat Time's Notes.

A grass widow does not put on weeds.

A man who picks a fuss is likely to get in a pickle.

A man who wears a law-suit has surely come to bad close.

Some very weak ladies show a very great deal of muscular strength.

Eggs, like horses, are not fit for anything much until they are broken.

To dream you are writing your name on another man's note is a bad sign.

The true value of a man should always be measured by his deeds—and mortgages.

An old maid said the other day that she was like Time, because she waits for no man.

Cultivate an equable temper; if it is bad let it remain so, if good keep it so, don't let it vary.

He was making fun of a cupola on the house, and Knox said he didn't see but what it was better than a mortgage on it.

It will soon be time to fish for fleas; in some localities they have already begun to bite good. You bait the hook yourself.

Jones says if his girl paid more attention to curling her hair and less to curling her lip he would be treated less scornfully.

It is easier for a rich man to swallow a camel than for this thread to go through the eye of this blind needle, said old Mrs. Skimps.

He wore a few relics of past ages in the shape of clothes.

And he looked as if he would like to accept the position of driver on a bread wagon.

And he poured his glass perfectly full, and drank it down, and he looked in it to see if there was any of it left.

And he said to the bar-tender, "My Christian friend, I have been traveling through this world of woe of late years without money, from the fact that I am a specie man; paper money is not money, and I do not encourage its use by countenancing its circulation. When gold, which is money, gets round again, then I will have the money to pay you. It is not my fault, but the fault of the Government, don't you see?"

And as he went out of the saloon, the bar-tender's foot was subsequent to him.

Two country lovers went hand in hand to the gallery to get their pictures tuck together. The artist seated her, and stood him at her side, got everything ready, took the lid off of the machine, and turned his back. Jonathan hadn't had a kiss for a spell, so he bent over and deposited one on Ruth Ann's mug. The artist went into the small room which presently got too small to hold all the profanity that generated in it, and some of it leaked out. He came back and told them they would have to hold up on kissing for a minute if they wanted a picture to show, and said that he'd try them again. But Jonathan couldn't resist patting her on the cheek, and Ruth's smile in the picture showed several stages of widening and then relaxing. The dark room again got too full of profane atmosphere, and the artist came out, mad all over, and says he: "Now, look here; if you want a picture, the only way to get it done is for you to sit in her lap, but your arms round each other and your lips together; may be I can get one that way. Jonathan said, 'What do you take us for?' 'I'm not taking you at all, but I wouldn't take you for a good deal this way.' Jonathan took her hand and said, 'Come on, Ruthy, let's go to some other dentist shop, where they ain't so powerful particular;' and they left."

BEAT TIME.